The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 151
THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 156
THE READER—
W. S. Gilbert. By Rutland Barrington 157
Recollections of Sir W. S. Gilbert: A Symposium 162
"The Bookman" Prize Competitions 165
Wagner's "Confessions." By Dr William Barry 168
NEW BOOKS—
Thomas Hardy: Romancier. By Thomas Seccombe 170
New Poems. By Cranstoun Metcalfe 172
The Real Gilbert. By William Purvis 172
Coleridge's Biography in Letters. By William E. A. Axon ... 173
Stevenson 174
Georgian Characters 175
Asia, Past, Present, and Future. By Philip W. Sergeant ... 175
Mr. Belloc's New Novel. By Shan F. Bullock 176
Italy and the Car. By W. H. Koebel 177
Antarctic Heroes. By J. E. Patterson 178
Many Inventions. By Robert Lynd 179
Muscular Christianity 180
The Poet in Motley. By Walter Jerrold 181
A Grand-Ducal Land. By Stanley Portal Hyatt 181
The Newest Spirit of the Age. By Roger Ingpen 182
British Sculptors. By Arthur Lewis 182
NOVEL NOTES—
The House of Bondage—A Ship of Solace—The Garden of Resurrection—The Case of Letitia—The Bewildered Bride—The Happy Vanners—The One Way Trail—Mrs. Thompson—Ingram—When we are Rich ... 183-5
THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
An Historical Guide to London—The Real Captain Kidd—The Philosophy of a Don—Thackeray's Works: Centenary Edition—A Few Acres and a Cottage — The Treasury of Ancient Egypt—The Mineral Industry of Rhodesia—Cargoes and Cruisers 186-8
NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 188
NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 188

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Important Notice.—In response to many applications, particularly from the British Colonies, it has been decided to extend the time allowed for sending in manuscripts for Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's £1,000 Prize Novel Competition. The last date for receiving manuscripts is changed from August 31, 1911, to January 1, 1912, by which date all manuscripts submitted for the Competition must be received by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C. Novels may be sent at any time previous to this date. All other conditions of the Competition remain unchanged.

Literature was fittingly recognised among the recent Coronation honours by the conferring of the O.M. on Sir George Otto Trevelyan and of knighthoods on Professor Walter Raleigh and Mr. Sidney Lee. Sir George Trevelyan's Life of Lord Macaulay is one of the few great English biographies; Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Sidney Lee are two of the most brilliant of living critics and men of letters—the service Sir Sidney has rendered to literature as editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography" would be difficult to over-estimate.

It seems to be something of a custom in America to celebrate a centenary at the beginning of the hundredth year instead of at the end of it. Already several papers on the other side of the Atlantic and on this have been commemorating the Centenary of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and there is justification for their doing so, since there is a doubt whether she was born on June 14, 1812 or 1811. The best known of her nine books are "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Dred," and "Agnes of Sorrento," but to all intents and purposes she is a one-book author. It is not so many years ago since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had its place in every popular series of novels, and was one of the most popular of the series; but nowadays it is one of those books that everybody has heard of and nobody reads. It played a potent part in the abolition of slavery, and the story of its author's career and of the book's great day of success are things that were worth remembering and are worth telling.

"Margaret Harding" is the title that has been finally fixed upon for Mr. Perceval Gibbon's new

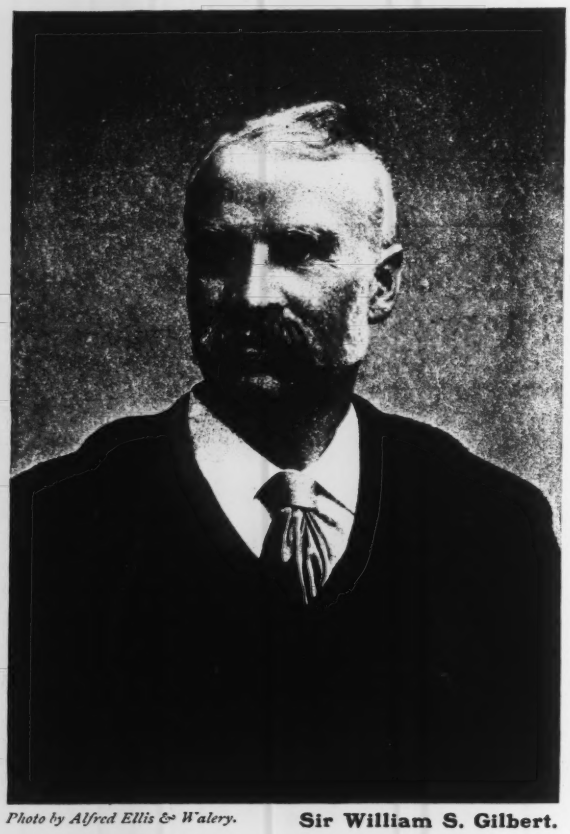


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery. **Sir William S. Gilbert.**

novel. It is the longest book he has yet written and will be published this autumn after it has run its serial course in America.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons are arranging for the publication of a series of novels and are inaugurating the series this autumn with six novels by new writers.

Miss Ellen Key, whose striking book, "Love and Marriage," was recently published by Messrs. Putnam's, is probably the foremost living woman in Sweden. She is descended from Sir Donald McKay of Strathnavar, who in 1626 raised a regiment of two thousand men for service in Bohemia and Sweden. He afterwards fought for Charles I. during the Civil War, and then returned to Sweden and became Governor of Bergen. The present head of the Clan McKay is Lord Reay.

"Who's Who in Science" is a new annual that Messrs. J. & A. Churchill have in preparation under the editorship of Mr. H. H. Stephenson.

A Theatrical Garden Party, in aid of the Actors' Orphanage Fund, will be held at the Botanic Garden, Regent's Park, on July 11, when Mr. Cyril Maude will produce "The Mysterious Murder in the Mill," a burlesque by Mr. Austin Strong and Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop; Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Miss Vane Featherstone will present an up-to-date version of the domestic tragedy of Punch and Judy; and Mr. Edward Sass will deliver a lecture on "Dogs." Other leading actors who are taking part in the proceedings include Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Evelyn D'Alroy. Full particulars and tickets, at five shillings each, can be obtained from Mr. Anslow J. Austin, Hon. Secretary, 26, Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn.

Mr. Murray is publishing a new book by Lord Dunraven called "The Legacy of Past Years: A Study of Irish History," in which the author has set himself to answer the question, "Why is it that the realm is no richer for Ireland?"

Under the auspices of the Titmarsh Club, and by permission of the Master of the Charterhouse, a Thackeray Exhibition has been opened at the Charterhouse, E.C. Lady Ritchie, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Sir Frederick Pollock, and others have lent portraits, first editions, drawings, etc., and a

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery. **Sir Arthur Sullivan.**

Photo by Lambert & Lambert, Bath. **Sybil Spottiswoode (Mrs. John Spottiswoode).**

very interesting collection of Thackeray books, documents, and relics have been brought together by way of commemorating his Centenary. The Exhibition will remain open until July 15.

Mrs. John Spottiswoode, author of those delightful and very successful books "Marcia in Germany" and "Hedwig in England," is the wife of Captain John Spottiswoode (late of the King's Royal Rifles) and cousin of Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode, who is well known in literary circles and a member of the firm of Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode. Mrs. Spottiswoode speaks German like a native, and the knowledge of German life and manners shown in her books is not that of the usual tourist or student of art or music, but the intimate knowledge that has been gained by actual living in the towns and mixing in the society that she describes. Painting and designing and working embroidery of the Japanese school are Mrs. Spottiswoode's recreations; the pastels which she exhibited a few years ago in Bond Street won high encomiums from the art critics. Her latest novel, "Her Husband's Country," a study of international marriage, treated with a sense of humour, has just been published by Mr. Heinemann. At present Mrs. Spottiswoode is abroad and is busy with the writing of a play.

Messrs. Cassell have issued an excellent illustrated booklet that serves as a guide to the comprehensive set of Nature books that are published by them. Nature lovers who are looking for books that are devoted to their own particular interests will find it very serviceable and can have it gratis on application.

A sumptuous souvenir volume of the Shakespeare Memorial National Ball, held at the Royal Albert Hall on the 20th of last month, is in course of preparation, and will be issued shortly by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. It will contain lists of Royal and other guests, pictures of the ball, and a series of over fifty full-page photogravure portraits of the ladies as they appeared in the quadrilles.

A book of sketches by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, "Pastels Under the Southern Cross," will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. early in the autumn. The book will contain some additional material that Mrs. Woods has gathered since these sketches appeared serially in the *Cornhill*.

Most volumes of poetry nowadays have a very short and a very quiet life and die very quietly. One of the few that made more noise in the world than the majority was the book of poems by Mr. Darrell Figgis that Mr. John Lane published two years ago with a preface by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mrs. Margaret L. Woods.**

Mr. Figgis was born in Dublin, but at a very early age went with his family to India, and after nine years' residence there was brought back and completed his education in the old country. At fifteen he began the serious business of life in the offices of a firm of wholesale tea merchants; and a few years later began to write verses and had written and burnt a great deal before his first volume made its appearance. Mr. Chesterton had read the volume in manuscript, and it was this reading that brought about Mr. Figgis's introduction to him. Last year, being involved in a commercial catastrophe and having made some reputation with his book, Mr. Figgis took to journalism as a profession; he wrote articles for the *Star*; a series on "Living Poets" for the *New Age*; has contributed to the *English Review*, and does a great deal of reviewing for the *Academy*, and has recently written an elaborate analysis of J. M. Synge's work which is appearing in the *Fortnightly*. At the beginning of this year, Mr. Figgis joined Messrs. Dent as literary adviser, and he is at present engaged on a study of Shakespeare which is not to treat him academically, but to bring him into line with modern dramatists, and the book will be published by Messrs. Dent this autumn.

Photo by Edgar Salomon, Stoke Newington. **Mr. Darrell Figgis,**

Whose new book, "The Crucibles of Time, and Other Poems," has just been published by Messrs. Dent.

The July *Cornhill* is a particularly timely and interesting number, and appropriately commemorates the centenary of its first editor. It contains Thackeray's newly discovered "Cockney Travels" and as much as he had written of "The Knights of Borsellen," with the author's own illustrations and an admirable preface and notes by Lady Ritchie. Supplementing these are articles on "Thackeray and his Father's Family," by Mrs. Warre Cornish, and "'Sylhet' Thackeray," by F. B. Bradley-Birt. There is also a characteristic and excellent portrait of Thackeray which has never before been published, and a charming centenary poem by Austin Dobson sketching the man who—

> "Because—disdaining to make light
> Of wrong by treating it as right—
> He probed the wound they saw exist,
> They dubbed him heartless satirist."

Photo by A. R. Perry, Hastings.

Mr. Warwick Deeping,

Whose new novel, "Joan of the Tower" (Cassell), is reviewed on page 180.

"Willowford Woods" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Murray Gilchrist that Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. are publishing. Mr. Gilchrist is one of our not-too-many novelists who can tell a good story and yet have a real literary gift, and can tell it with some charm of style.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are issuing new and cheap editions of Major W. P. Drury's half-dozen volumes of novels and short stories, "The Peradventures of Private Pagett," containing eight illustrations by Arthur Rackham; and close on

the heels of this welcome re-issue comes from the same publishers a new book of stories by the same author, "Long Bow and Broad Arrow," the new book and the new editions having cover designs drawn for them by the author. Major Drury has had a very varied career by land and sea all over the globe—a career that has furnished him with plenty of excellent material for his books and plays. "Polyacoustic," one of the stories of "Long Bow and Broad Arrow," occurred to him when he was a fathom or so beneath the Solent in a submarine; the incident related in "Toasted Cheese" actually happened; and most of the other stories are founded on fact, the germ of each having been told to him at different times whilst he was at sea.

At present, like so many other authors, Major Drury is turning from the writing of books to writing for the stage, on which he has already been very successful. A one-act play of his, "The Admiral Speaks," was produced last January at the Comedy Theatre, and he was part-author of "A Privy Council" (a Pepys play), which was played a hundred and fifty times at the Haymarket, and of "The Flag Lieutenant," which ran for a year at the Playhouse, and has been performed practically all over the civilised world. Both these plays had the honour of a command performance at Sandringham.

Mr. Stephen Foreman,
Whose first novel, "The Overflowing Scourge," will be published this month by Messrs. Alston Rivers.

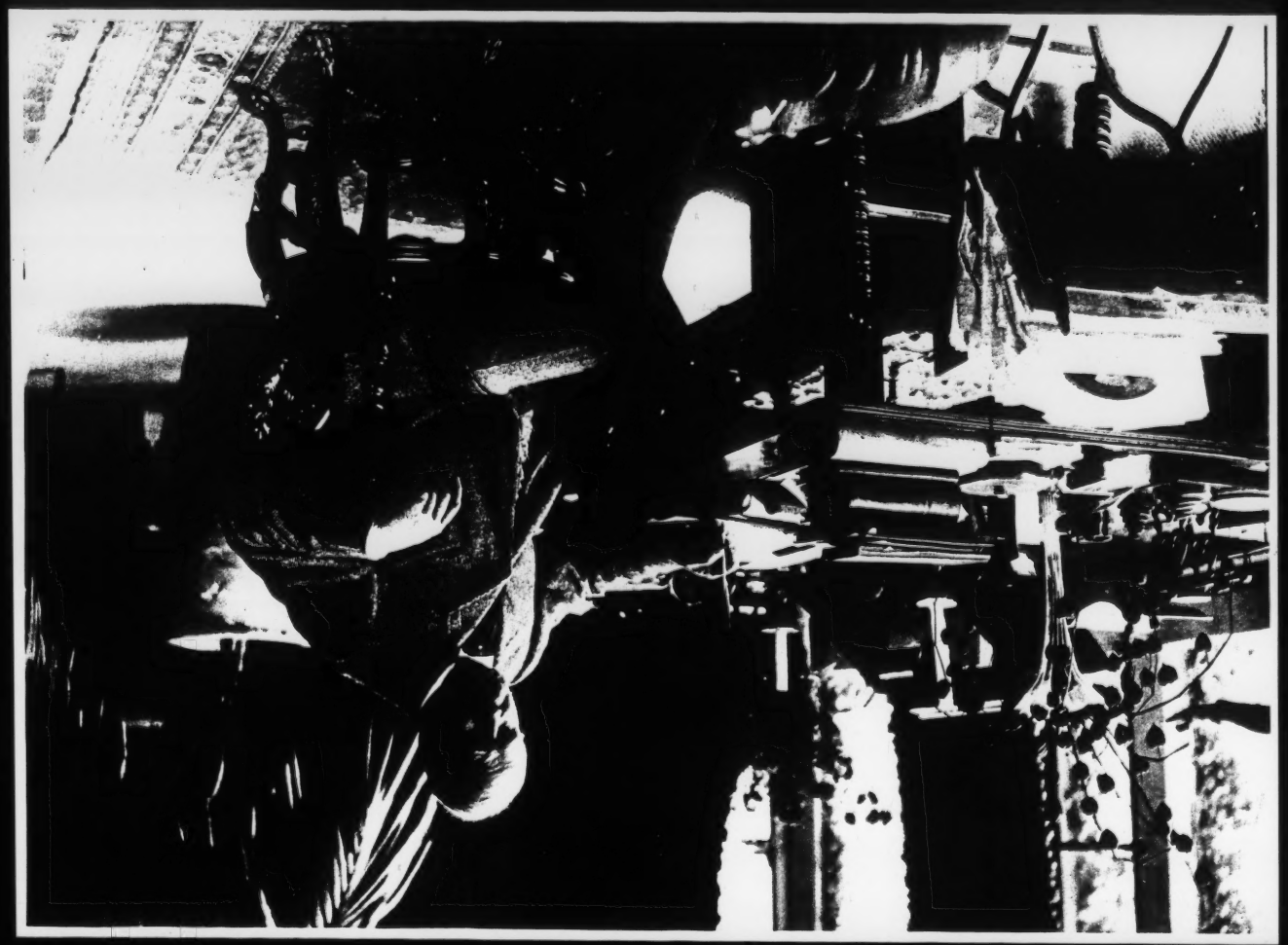
Major W. P. Drury.

Major Drury confesses to two hobbies: he is an enthusiastic speaker on public platforms for the National Service League, and he has raised a troop of Boy Scouts in the village of Petworth, where he lives, and devotes a good deal of time to training them.

We are indebted to Messrs. Macmillan for permission to reproduce four of Sir William Gilbert's drawings from their edition of "The Bab Ballads, with which are included Songs of a Savoyard"; and for much assistance with the other illustrations our thanks are due to Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons, Mr. William Heinemann, Mr. Grant Richards, Mr. Martin Secker, Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Messrs. Alston Rivers, Messrs. Cassell, and Messrs. Dent.

We regret that by an oversight we omitted to mention that Rossetti's famous painting "Dante's Dream" (given as a presentation plate in our last Number) was reproduced by permission from the original in the possession of the Corporation of Liverpool.

The August BOOKMAN will be a Max Beerbohm Number; it will contain a special article on Max Beerbohm as author and caricaturist by George Soames Layard, and will be illustrated with portraits and a large number of reproductions of Mr. Beerbohm's caricatures. Other contents of this number will include "Brieux," by F. G. Bettany; "Polidori and 'The Vampire,'" by W. E. A. Axon; "Poor Rachel!" by Tighe Hopkins; "The Celtic Spirit," by Edward Thomas; "Major Drury's Stories," by F. T. Bullen; "An Irish Beauty," by Lewis Melville; and "The Republican Tradition in Europe," by Professor Adams.



THE READER.

W. S. GILBERT.

By Rutland Barrington.

THE first and last meetings with persons of distinction in that sphere of life to which their natural gifts have attracted them will almost inevitably be found to have left an indelible impression on the minds of those experiencing the good fortune of such a rencontre, for in the case of the first meeting, whether it be only for the making of a pleasurable new acquaintance or for some more solid reason, there is always some little item which fixes it in the memory; and in the case of the last, when it resolves itself into the final and most pathetic scene of all, the interment of all that is left of the once striking personality, the friendly onlooker would indeed be callous if he failed to find much that is not only impressive but, to some extent, disturbing.

On Friday, June 2, 1911, were laid to rest the ashes of probably the greatest humorist that England has possessed and possibly ever will possess, there being no present evidence of his mantle having fallen upon the shoulders of any latter-day writer. In delicate fancy and stinging satire Sir William Schwenck Gilbert stood alone, and as to his marvellous ability as a writer of lyrics, a true appreciation of this can only be arrived at by the singing of his lines; without any disparagement of the great genius of his great confrère Sullivan, I think it may be claimed for Gilbert's lyrics that they not only "set" themselves but also "sing" themselves, two very rare attributes.

Gilbert has been described to me by many people who have only had a superficial acquaintance with him as "a difficult man to get on with," but to those who knew him more intimately, and were permitted to penetrate the exterior shell of reserve belonging to a keenly sensitive nature, there was quite as much to love as to admire. His intense affection for children and constant solicitude for their amusement betrayed a warmth of heart unsuspected by the majority; that he could on occasions be stern, almost to harshness, when occupied in stage-managing his various works, is common knowledge, but in all the years of experience which it was my privilege to have of him in this direction I never saw this attitude assumed except under the provocation of stupidity so crass as to fully warrant its adoption, or, as an alternative example, of an assumption of that manner which implies "you cannot teach *me* acting," and which perhaps calls even more loudly for repression than does stupidity.

That he was generous in giving help when needed is an undoubted fact which would have been more widely known but for his rigid adherence to the principle of not allowing his left hand to know what his right hand gave.

My first impression of him was naturally coloured by the fact that I was meeting him by appointment for a species of "inspection" on which he was to decide on my personal and physical fitness for the part of Doctor Daly in "The Sorcerer," which opera, though we naturally did not know it at the time, was to prove the foundation stone of that incomparable "Gilbert and Sullivan" edifice of which "The Mikado" was, I venture to think, the coping stone, although additional wings, so to speak, were thrown out afterwards.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery. **Sir William S. Gilbert.**

The nervousness and anxiety consequent upon such a vital interview left me with the impression that, although he was geniality itself, I had conversed with the stern arbiter of my fate, and my feeling of relief on hearing that I had successfully passed the ordeal may be imagined.

Many long and happy years of association followed on this interview, and, indeed, it was not for some two or three years after our first meeting that I had my opportunity of knowing Gilbert the man, as distinct from Gilbert the author, when much of the awe with which I had regarded the latter was by degrees merged in the affection with which I began to regard the former.

These years of association were broken for a short time in the autumn of 1888, when I allowed myself to be persuaded—perhaps too easily, owing to the conceit and rashness of youth—into an attempt at management on my own, beguiled thereto by a friend who professed his ability to furnish me with seven thousand pounds for the venture, but who, on being told that I had secured and signed a lease of the St. James's Theatre, promptly backed out of his offer, leaving me with a theatre and no money to run it with. My good friend the late Colonel North came to my rescue with two thousand and I started on an episode which I should not have alluded to here but for the fact that the second play I produced was a comedy-drama written for me by Gilbert, in which Julia Neilson and Lewis Waller, among others, made a first appearance; however, it failed to attract, and after a few weeks more I closed the theatre and had time to think of the lesson I had received, almost the only bright spots in connection with the matter being Colonel North's cheery disregard of his loss and Gilbert's generous refusal to take a single penny of the fees which were his due.

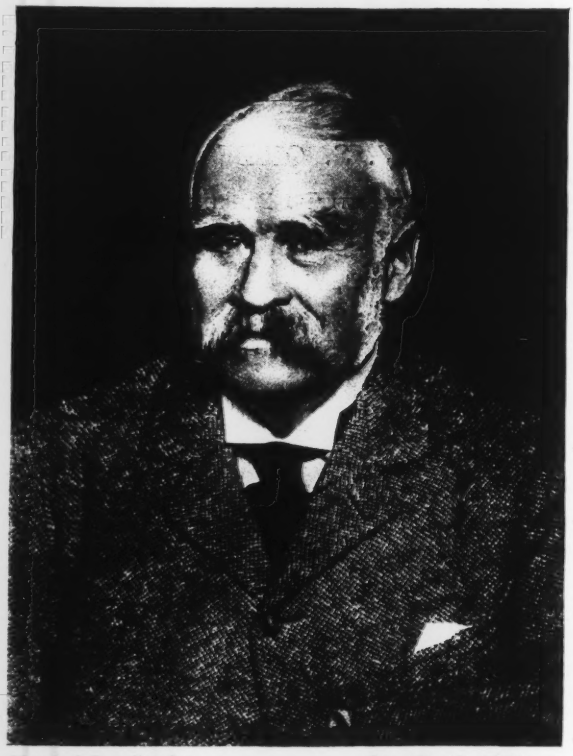
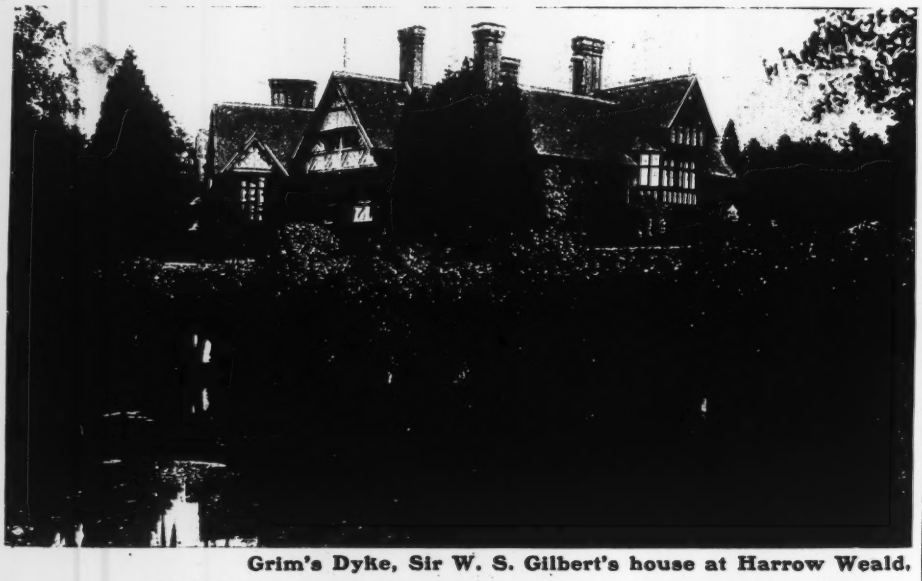


Photo by J. Russell & Son.

Sir W. S. Gilbert.

A few weeks before his death I heard incidentally that Gilbert was anxious that a performance of some one or other of his well-known operas should be included in the general amusements for the Coronation festivities, and while the idea appealed to me as eminently desirable, I fear that now he has gone the hope will be difficult of realisation; but that we shall see them all again on some future occasion there can be "no possible doubt whatever," for that these wonderful combinations of literary and musical genius resemble hardy annuals is abundantly proved by the continued regularity of the visits of the famous Repertoire Company to the chief provincial towns, interspersed with occasional weeks at the best-known suburban theatres. When you have mentioned Shakespeare and one or two of the old comedies, such as "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The School for Scandal," what other works are there but these operas which a manager can reproduce with any chance of success? And while much of this immortality is owing to the delightful music, which in every case is so admirably calculated to bear its share in the harmonious whole, one cannot but congratulate the composer on his good fortune in having such lyrics to set even while recognising the author's frequently expressed indebtedness to his happy chance in securing such a composer; that music alone, however beautiful and arresting, will not make the success of a musical play, has been proved over and over again: the lyrics and dialogue are of paramount importance, and so we are constantly hoping for signs of the coming of a worthy successor to the great humorist whose loss we now deplore.

One of the secrets, if not the all-important one, of the phenomenal success of these operas and of their lasting popularity lies in the serious manner in which the delineation of each and every part should be sustained, a truism which has not invariably been recognised by the artists concerned, though naturally



Grim's Dyke, Sir W. S. Gilbert's house at Harrow Weald.

From "W. S. Gilbert," by Edith A. Browne. "Stars of the Stage" Series. (John Lane.)

most in evidence in the case of those who have had the advantage of Gilbert's personal instruction. What a monument of fun and whimsicality is "Trial by Jury" when so attacked! And yet on many occasions I have seen it distorted almost out of recognition by artists who insisted on being funny; indeed, at one performance, in which Gilbert himself was to appear as the Judge's Attorney (an ornamental non-speaking part), this tendency was so marked at rehearsal as to result in a telegram on the day of performance, from the author, to the effect that he had "a severe cold and could not come to town." I wrote him a sympathetic letter to which he replied by return that he was "perfectly well, but dared not risk the effect on his health of such a performance!"

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Walter Passmore as John Wellington Wells in "The Sorcerer."

I have many letters from him of a characteristic nature such as the foregoing, but there is none among them that I prize more highly than the charming one he wrote when returning the proofs of my first volume of reminiscences which he was so kind as to volunteer to correct, in which he says "you might have been far less good-natured with equal truth"; I am proud of the knowledge that although we had several disagreements during our long association, and one very serious rupture indeed, they were invariably smoothed out and

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Scene from "Trial by Jury."

"The scene is a Court of Justice, in which Barristers, Attorneys, Jurymen, and Usher are discovered, and as the curtain goes up the chorus at once makes the situation clear:

"Hark, the hour of ten is sounding;
Hearts with anxious fears are bounding
Hall of Justice crowds surrounding,
Breathing hope and fear—
For to-day in this arena,
Summoned by a stern subpœna,
Edwin, sued by Angelina,
Shortly will appear."

"W. S. Gilbert," by Edith A. Browne. (John Lane.)

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Dick Deadeye (Richard Temple) to Captain (Mr. H. A. Lytton):

"Kind Captain, I've important information,
Sing hey, the kind commander that you are!
About a certain intimate relation,
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar!"

H.M.S. Pinafore.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Admiral Sir Joseph Porter (Mr. Walter Passmore) interposing between Captain (Mr. H. A. Lytton) and Ralph Rackstraw (Mr. Robert Evett):

"My pain and my distress
I find it is not easy to express;
My amazement, my surprise,
You may learn from the expression of my eyes!"

H.M.S. Pinafore.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Miss Ruth Vincent as Josephine, the Captain's daughter, and Miss Rosina Brandram as Little Buttercup, the bumboat woman, in "H.M.S. Pinafore."

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Walter Passmore as the Sergeant of Police, and Miss Rosina Brandram as Ruth, a pirate [maid-of-all-work, in "The Pirates of Penzance."

we remained the best of friends to the end of his days, and he always manifested the kindliest interest in my doings and extended the heartiest of possible welcomes when I was a guest at his home.

When he received his knighthood I confess that I regarded it as a somewhat belated honour and was uncertain if he would accept it, so worded my congratulatory telegram thus—"If you are pleased, so am I; if not, the same," to which I had one of his usual witty replies, expressing his gratification at the honour bestowed, a gratification shared, I feel sure, by the legion of his admirers.

And so we come to the last sad scene of all, the sadness of which is mitigated by the thought that so great a career should have had the noble end of surrendering life to save life.

Never in its previous history, I imagine, has the picturesque and quiet little village of Stanmore, with its quaint little square-towered church, witnessed a more moving spectacle than that of this occasion; the note of mournfulness struck by the sombre garb of the numerous friends of the great man who had travelled from town to pay their last respects was intensified by the brilliant sunshine which beat upon us as we walked up the tree-lined road leading to the churchyard, around the outer gates of which were grouped some half-dozen of the ubiquitous camera-men, whose presence, though I presume unavoidable, seemed to many of us to strike a somewhat jarring note, to be intensified a little later, to some at least, when we caught a glimpse of the casket containing the ashes of our lamented friend.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

"ARCHIBALD GROSVENOR (Mr. Henry A. Lytton): Poor, poor girls! It is best to speak plainly. I know that I am loved by you, but I never can love you in return, for my heart is fixed elsewhere! Remember the fable of the Magnet and the Churn."—*Patience.*

Three members of the old Savoy brigade, Jessie Bond, Richard Temple, and myself, were deeply disappointed that none of Sullivan's glorious music could be made use of at the service, but as the choir was composed solely of boys, it was presumably unavoidable; and after a last look at the casket in its quiet resting-place we went slowly down the hill again to take up the burden of our daily lives, exchanging recollections of the many happy hours we had spent in the company of the man of great mind and great deeds whose loss has caused another gap in the ranks of a combination which stood unrivalled in the work of history-making for the stage.

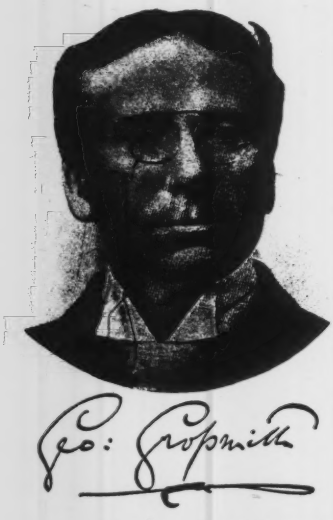
RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR W. S. GILBERT.

BY GEORGE GROSSMITH, JESSIE ROSE, EDWARD GERMAN, AND C. H. WORKMAN.

GEORGE GROSSMITH
looks backwards:

"But to benefit humanity however much I plan,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!"

This is an excerpt from the splendid song—one of the best Sir William ever wrote—sung by King Gama in "Princess Ida." It was very fortunate for me that this character it was my lot to play.



Mr. George Grossmith,
One of the most famous actors of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.
From "The Diary of a Nobody," by George Grossmith and Weedon Grossmith. (Arrowsmith.)

At one of the rehearsals I asked Gilbert if he were having a dig at me. Sir William's characteristic reply was, "Certainly not. I meant it for myself. I thought it my duty to live up to my reputation."

He was an extremely sensitive man, and was perfectly aware of the fact that there was a general impression abroad to that effect among strangers. How stupid those people were, for he was to those who knew him a courteous and amiable gentleman—a gentleman without the veneer.

But woe betide the fool who ventured to rub him the wrong way. Gilbert was never provocative, but when provoked, he would reply with a courteous little sting which was far more painful than that of a wasp, because it lasted longer.

I was seated beside Gilbert many years ago at the Beefsteak Club when a young scion of the aristocracy, who had just been elected a member of the club, came in with two of his supporters, and the three sat opposite to us. The young scion began talking loudly, exclaiming that he had been to see "H.M.S. *Pinafore*" at the Opéra Comique, and that he had never witnessed such rot in his life. He continued dilating upon the subject until, after many efforts on the part of one member, by signs, to call his attention to the fact that the author was facing him, another friend sent him a little note. Gilbert never took his eyes off the plate, but I was watching the effect of the note; the change of countenance was extraordinary. After a pause the scion said, in a still louder voice, "But of course I shall go again, because the draught was so awful—the wind was blowing all round the theatre, but I shall go again." Gilbert raised his head and said: "I should not do that if I were you. The piece was not written for victims to atmospheric pressure!"

At a stage rehearsal the chorus of men, at a given period, had to raise the right hand. For some reason or other, one *would* raise the left; this was taken over and over again. Sir William then said: "My good fellow, if you don't know your *right* ask the gentleman on your left." This made the matter more confusing, because the chorus-man in question did not seem to know his left either.

But although Sir William Gilbert was so charming to his thousands of friends in society, he was still more charming *chez lui*. All the great charm of this great genius—this great man—lay in his own home. He was a marvellous host, supported always by his loyal and devoted wife, Lady Gilbert. No matter whether it were a lunch, a dinner, tea, reception, or a juvenile party, he was in his element, and so were his guests.

When he retired into the country, he always amused me. When people dropped in to tea, he looked so severe. He would not in a namby-pamby way say to a gentleman, "Oh, *doooo* let me tempt you to have a cup of tea," but he would walk up to him with the semblance of a colonel in command, and with a scowl say, "If you don't take tea and prefer a whisky and soda—there it is."

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

"QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES (Miss Rosina Brandram): And yet [*unfolding a scroll*] the law is clear—every fairy must die who marries a mortal.
"LORD CHANCELLOR (Mr. Walter Passmore): Allow me, as an old equity draughtsman, to make a suggestion."—*Iolanthe.*

But it occurs to me that his great joy in life was giving juvenile parties. He became a boy himself. He would give entertainments, calling upon Rutland Barrington, myself, and others to amuse the young people and the grown-up ones as well.

On one occasion at his beautiful house in Harrington Gardens a lot of us attended a rehearsal of a Toy Symphony. This was organised by Lady Katherine Coke, a delightful friend. She had made an arrangement of the old Bombush Polka. I asked Gilbert why he did not select Haydn's or Romberg's? Gilbert looked at me very fiercely and replied: "Because I did not think them gay or bright enough for the young people. Follow me."

I did, with a certain amount of trepidation. He addressed me very seriously thus: "No, I don't care for them, and, if you promise me faithfully not to mention it to a single person, not even to your dearest friend—I don't think Shakespeare rollicking."

This incident always impressed itself on my mind: I heard a lady say to him, "Oh, Mr. Gilbert, you must be a consummate musician, or you never could write such perfect rhythm." "Indeed, I am not," replied Gilbert. "I only know two tunes. One is 'God save the Queen,' and the other isn't." This was many years ago. There was a good deal of truth in it. At a cheery little dance about the year 1879, the band struck up the "Sorcerer" Lancers. The music was familiar to him, and he immediately *hoisted his slacks* à la Jack Tar, fully under the impression that they were playing the "Pinafore" Lancers. Gilbert was a very excellent dancer, by the way.

There is one thing that my son, George junior, and I shall always remember, and that is, it was under the auspices of Sir William Gilbert that each of us made his first appearance on the stage, rather an odd coincidence.

Well, all those happy days are over. They make a gladsome retrospect, and help one to enjoy the present. There is some solace in that.

Good-bye, "Bab"—you have gone, but your last act of charity was to leave behind your brilliant work to endear you in our lasting memory.

GEO. GROSSMITH.

"If it be well to droop and pine and mope,'
To sigh 'Oh, Ida! Ida!' all day long,
Then Prince Hilarion is very well."—*Princess Ida.*

Reproduced from one of Mr. W. Russell Flint's colour illustrations in "Savoy Operas," by W. S. Gilbert. (G. Bell & Sons.)

MISS JESSIE ROSE writes:

Your invitation has reached me by a devious way, although my name is no longer Jessie Rose, nor my address the Savoy or any other theatre.

Well and long as I knew Sir William (I first remember him as a visitor at a dear old country house near Uxbridge where I spent several happy years of almost childhood), I can add nothing to the flood of humorous anecdote which has poured in from all sides. I much prefer to remember him by the kindness he always showed to me and to many another artist struggling to get out of the ruck. Sir William had ever a kind word for any one who tried; even when for want of ear

or education or both such a one could not give the pronunciation or inflection he wished, his patience and forbearance were most marked. But to the actor or actress who did not trouble, or thought it did not matter, he was indeed cutting: to one I have heard him say: "Never mind, my dear, you cannot help it; it takes a lady to get it as I want it"; to another: "It is not your fault but the fault of those who have lifted you out of your level. Do your best, and I will try not to hear." And no truer word has been said than that of one of his Sunday paper biographers who wrote lately that a hard word often saved him from a sorrowful gulp.

It only remains to hope that the right man will be found to write his life—for a book well written will be of national value. J. R. FORD.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Rutland Barrington as Pooh-Bah (Lord High Everything Else) in "The Mikado."

EDWARD GERMAN
relates a personal experience.

In our one operatic essay ("Fallen Fairies") I found it a great delight to work with Sir William: he was always so reasonable; he invariably acquiesced in any suggestion I made, so long as it did not interfere with his dramatic scheme—this he guarded most completely. Although the opera did not enjoy a popular success, I shall always look upon the "book" as an absolute classic—one of the most polished and beautiful he ever wrote. Of course many people knew him more intimately than I did, but no one can speak with greater conviction as to his underlying great kindness of heart. A little incident which occurred so far back as—I think—1887 will go to bear this out.

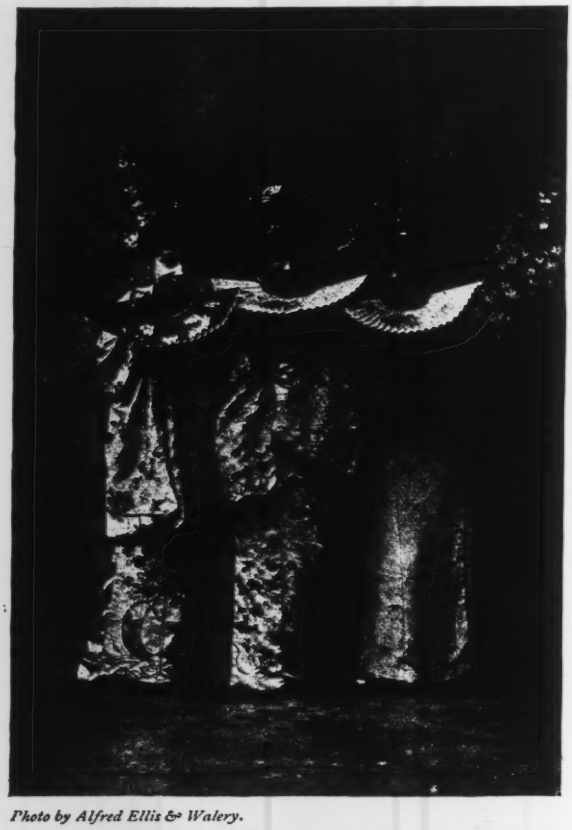


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Miss Jessie Bond, Miss Florence Perry, and Miss Emmie Owen as Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, and Peep-Bo, the "three little maids from school" in "The Mikado."

A performance of his "Broken Hearts" took place at the Savoy Theatre, and Miss Julia Neilson, who was at the time a fellow-student of mine at the Royal Academy of Music, played the part of Lady Hilda. She had a song to sing ("Far from sin, far from sorrow") which occurs in the play—this I had specially set to music for the ocasion.

A few days before the performance Miss Neilson wrote me that Sir William had decided that the song should be omitted on the ground that it was redundant. This was naturally a very great disappointment to me, for I felt that to have been in any way associated with him was an honour. I told Miss Neilson how keenly I felt it, and Sir William replied to her: "Since your friend ataches so much importance to his setting of the song, it shall be included."

Whether the play lost or gained by its inclusion I cannot say, but the fact that Sir William yielded showed, at least, his sympathy with a young composer.

EDWARD GERMAN.

C. H. WORKMAN
relates some anecdotes.

I have many very pleasant recollections of Sir W. S. Gilbert. Hardly anything in my professional career

has been more gratifying to me than his warm commendation of my renderings of some of the principal characters in his operas. I remember that in particular he praised my presentation of Jack Point in "The Yeomen of the Guard," and paid me a special compliment on that at the Savoyard Celebration Dinner given to him by the O. P. Club in 1906.

There are scores of good stories told about Gilbert, but most of them are too well known to bear repeating here. Probably you know the one of how he was standing once on the steps of the Garrick Club and a short-sighted member coming out mistook him for the attendant and said, "Call me a cab." Gilbert looked at him steadily for a minute and then responded: "You're a four-wheeler, sir!" "Eh? What do you mean?" asked the member, embarrassed and indignant. "Well," said Gilbert, "you asked me to call you a cab, and I couldn't call you hansom!"

But here are two that concern myself and are, I believe, less known. I was lunching at Grim's Dyke and told over the lunch-table the story of the old German trombone-player, who, closing his music, squashed a fly across the clef, and, when he came to that particular passage the next evening, ran down the scale, remarking, "I don't know vot it vas, but I blayed it." Gilbert struck in quietly from the end of the table, "Are you sure it was a fly, Workman?—is might have been a bee flat!"

As Jack Point in "The Yeomen of the Guard," there is one scene in which, standing between Elsie Maynard and Phœbe, I used to kiss the cheek of first one and then the other, quickly and repeatedly, and Sir William thought there was too much kissing for a Savoy audience. "You would cut the kissing, then?" I said. "I would not," he returned drolly, "but I must ask you to."

C. H. WORKMAN.

Photo by Dover Street Studios.

Mr. C. H. Workman as Jack Point in "The Yeomen of the Guard."

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best imaginary question by Boswell and reply by Dr. Johnson on the subject of Woman Suffrage, in not more than a hundred and fifty words.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Mr. CHARLES POWELL, of 37, Egerton Road, Withington, Manchester, for the following:

WHEN WE ARE RICH. BY WARD MUIR. (Stanley Paul.)

"We shall rest—and faith, we shall need it!"
KIPLING, Envoi to *Seven Seas.*

We also select for printing:

THE MILITANT SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT. BY TERESA BILLINGTON-GREIG. (Frank Palmer.)

"Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land."
POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

(E. Rippon, 5, Arnold Street, Hull.)

A GIRL WITH A HEART. BY E. A. ROWLANDS. (Ward Lock & Co.)

"You'll know her house by the swarm of boys."
HOOD, *Our Village.*

(Mrs. Elizabeth Mackenzie, 15, Baxter Park Terrace, Dundee.)

ON THE THRESHOLD. By R HICHENS. (Methuen.)

"'Won't you walk into my parlour?'
Said the spider to the fly."

Nursery Rhyme.

(Rev. J. G. Pooler, The Rectory, Downpatrick, Ireland.)

THE DOWNFALL OF THE GODS. By SIR HUGH CLIFFORD. (Murray.)

"Oft had I pictured their heroic make
Who keep Britannia going on the blue;
And now I *saw* them, eating currant cake
Like me and you!"

OWEN SEAMAN, *A Relic of the Ter ace.*

(Kitty Fisher, 25, Cape Road, Warwick.)

MUSICAL ECHOES. By MARCUS RICKARDS. (J. Baker, Clifton.)

"They played him a sonata—let me see!
'Medulla oblongata'—key of G.
Then they began to sing
That extremely lovely thing,
'Scherzando! ma non troppo, ppp.'"

GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(Miss M. L. Swain, 47, Gillingham Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.)

A WOMAN ON THE THRESHOLD. By MAUDE LITTLE. (Chatto & Windus.)

"But woman, wakeful woman's never weary,
—Above all, when she waits to thump her deary."

BARHAM, *The Ghost.*

(E. H. Pearson, Heath House, Fleet, Hants.)

WHAT SHALL I EAT? By DR. F. X. GOURAND. (Rebman.)

"Those obstinate questionings . . .
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised."

WORDSWORTH.

(W. R. Cloutman, Hill Crest, Waverley Road, Crouch End, N.)

II.—THE PRIZE OF THREE BOOKS for the best anticipatory account in about thirty lines and in the manner of Walt Whitman of "How I saw the Coronation" is awarded to Miss KATHLEEN W. ELLIOTT, of 13, Carysfort Road, Crouch End, N., for the following:

Salut à l'homme.

I.

What do you see, Walt Whitman?

I see a great crowd of people, hustling and scrambling, shouting and fainting;
Some drift helplessly along.
I see old men and babes, youths and maidens, rich and poor.
I see soldiers in gay uniform and stern men of discipline,
Prancing horses and fair plumes, spears that reflect the sunlight.
Such richness, squalor, beauty, colour, gloom, and dirt!

II.

Who are these, Walt Whitman?
These baffled ones, these curious, straining, thirsting men and women?

They have come forth to see a pageant, a royal sacring of Westminster.
O, feudal ruin Wonderful anomaly!

III.

This imperial orb, this sword and sceptre, these proud badges and outward trappings
Are empty signs of royalty.
Look to the man, O ye people! to the great heart and true,
To the faithful and wise ruler, the servant of his people.

IV.

Salut à l'homme!
Lo, he cometh!
Flaunt your banners, O ye people! flaunt them freely in the wind.
Shout out, ye young men! Call upon your brother, my camerados!
Him we greet, in whom the rod of Equity and Mercy and the dove of meek Peace are wonderfully symbolised.
Salut à l'homme!

It has been difficult to decide in this Competition, so many of the poems being of almost equal merit, and we specially commend those sent in by F. C. Romilly (London, S.W.), Donald A. Mackenzie (Dundee), W. S. Young (Lee, S.E.), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), William Morriss (Sheffield), Kitty L. Lyon (Wimbledon), T. Anthony Hudson (Gateshead-on-Tyne), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Miss I. Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), Miss Watson (Newcastle on Tyne), Adèle Vane-Thomas (Rotherfield), J. M. Inchbold (Streatham, S.W.), and R. G. Wyatt (Victoria Park, E.).

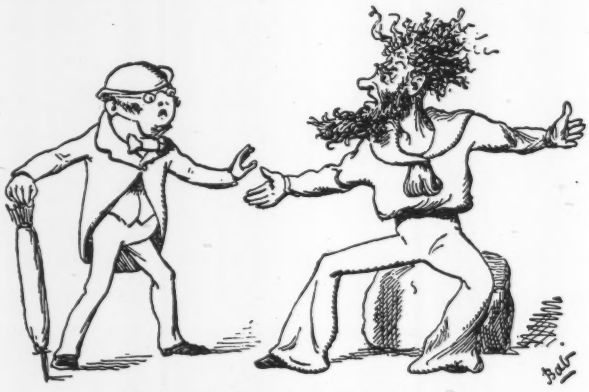
III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss VAN DER PANT, of "Dunelm," Shepherdswell, Dover, for the following:

MRS. THOMPSON. By W. B. MAXWELL. (Hutchinson.)

"Mr. Maxwell has written a remarkable tale. The character-study of Mrs. Thompson—a widow, head of a drapery firm, by

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery. **"I have a song to sing, O!"**

Mr. Walter Passmore and Miss F. Perry as Jack Point and Elsie Maynard in "The Yeomen of the Guard."



"'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man."

The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell."

From "The Bab Ballads," by W. S. Gilbert. (Macmillan.)

her splendid qualities, works up the business to a great concern, but in her middle age marries a young man, who wastes her money and ruins her business. When her love is killed, she separates from the worthless Marsden, and by an act of strategy recovers her losses, and again becomes head of a universal emporium. The shop life is capitally drawn, the book is full of life, not without pathos, that makes it delightful reading.

Other good reviews received are:

OLIVER'S KIND WOMEN. By PHILIP GIBBS. (Herbert & Daniel.)

This is a story of the "artistic temperament," often but another name for selfishness. It is so in Oliver's case, in spite of his gay heart and clever, winning ways. However, he comes out satisfactorily in the end, and his character is drawn naturally and well. The portrait of Virginia is unusually strong, and, at the same time, tender. As for the fascinating Katherine, those who know "The Street of Adventure" will be delighted to renew her acquaintance. Mr. Gibbs is particularly successful in his characterisation of Livvy and Doris, two kind-hearted little musical-comedy actresses.

(Irene Harrison, 61, Ravenswood Road, Bristol.)

CHEAPSIDE TO ARCADY. By ARTHUR SCAMEL. (Melrose.)

Mr. Scamel is, like Lamb, a lover of the sweet security of streets, and in his book "Cheapside to Arcady" we have the harvest of a quiet eye that garners beauty in Battersea and poetry in the purlieus of Whitechapel. Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples come before us in turn, and we have glimpses of green spots and lonely spaces with their histories and memories of

"Whenever I am introduced to any pretty maid,
My knees they knock together just as if I were afraid;
I flutter, and I stammer, and I turn a pleasing red,
For to laugh and flirt and ogle I consider most ill-bred."
The Modest Couple.
From the "Bab Ballads," by W. S. Gilbert. (Macmillan.)

men *en passant*. A Pepys-like homeliness of treatment blent with the picturesqueness of a Borrow narrative make this book a restful and refreshing change in the mass of London's topographical literature.

(Miss Kathleen White, 33, Shaftesbury Road, Ravenscourt Park, London, W.)

THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Chapman & Hall.)

The plot is unusual but slight—as in fact all Mr. Thurston's are—but he gives us the love-story of an ugly man with so light a touch and with such quaint fancy that the charm lies more in the telling than in the tale. The book will make a special appeal to those who love gardens and those with quick sympathy, for both Clarissa with her "canary satin gown" and her lover with his pock-marked face are somewhat pathetic figures.

(Miss L. Mugford, Sutton-at-Hone, near Dartford, Kent.)

PARLIAMENT. By SIR C. P. ILBERT, K.C.B., K.C.S.I. (Williams & Norgate.)

To the serious student of our parliamentary history as well as to the "man in the street" this little book will be found of great value. The first chapter entitled "Origin and Development" traces the origin of the word "parliament" back to its Latin form used by the monks in the thirteenth century. The chapter on the "House of Lords" and the one headed "Comparative" should be doubly interesting just now. But we must not reveal too much: something must be left for the reader to discover for himself. A great feature in the book is its bibliography.

(L. H. Cooke, Rutland House, Derby Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport.)

"They played him a sonata—let me see!
'Medulla oblongata'—key of G."
The Story of Prince Agib.
From "The Bab Ballads," by W. S. Gilbert. (Macmillan.)

MOLL O' THE TOLL-BAR. By THEODORA WILSON WILSON. (Hutchinson.)

"The Broad Highway" and "Moll o' the Toll-Bar" with equal vividness depict Kent and Cumberland at the beginning of the nineteenth century. One unhesitatingly places them (side by side) far in front of other novels of recent years. There are in each two heroes—a man of gentle birth and a blacksmith—whilst Moll and Dorothy are as adorable as Charmian and the sweetheart of Black George. With skilful construction, local colour, out-of-doorishness, rushing adventure, and clear-cut characterisation, "Moll" (even as she conquered Lady Brackenthwaite) must disarm all adverse critics, on "the broad highway" of fiction.

(Arnold S. Walton, 81, Park Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

THE SILENCES OF THE MOON. By H. L. WEBB. (The Bodley Head.)

This prose poem is no common thing; though from the pen of a young man it is the outcome of the thoughts and observations of a mature mind, yet of a mind singularly pure and simple. Through every line there breathes a passionate love of nature: a sympathy with her more subtle than that of the ancient Greeks gives to every flower and tree and star a perfect personality. Clothed in language as beautiful as that of Pater's, Nature becomes a friend, a queen, a goddess, adversity becomes a lofty thing, soul-uplifting; and love of any beauteous thing is pure, immortal, scorning death.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE GIRONDIN. By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Nelson.)

"The Girondin" gives artistic verisimilitude to the theories maintained by Mr. Belloc in his biographical and historical studies of the French Revolution, and contains some splendidly tolerant irony, directed to the same purpose as the militant wit of Bernard Shaw in "Arms and the Man." The hero is as devil-may-care as any fictional military predecessor, and the historical setting is one that has been swathed in theatricality by a century of fiction. Gently but firmly each fold is unwrapped, our sense of outrage, meanwhile, being soothed by anything but boisterous witticisms and gentle touches of pathos.

(H. Brandon James, 65, Victoria Road, Clapham Common, S.W.)

"The bravest names for fire and flames
And all that mortal durst
Were General John and Private James,
Of the sixty-seventy-first."
General John.
From "The Bab Ballads," by W. S. Gilbert. (Macmillan.)

Of the many other reviews sent in (several of which are as good as those we have found room to print) we specially commend those by Helen MacLeod Scott (Edinburgh), Evelyn Mary Abbott (Old Malton), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. Stirling (Glenfarg), X. Y. Z. (Cambridge), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Theo. E. Beake (Birmingham), Florence L. Stephens (Bodmin), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Edna Smallwood (Highbury, N.), Jeanie I. Swanson (York), T. E. C. (Cumberland), Barbara K. Webber (Plymouth), H. M. Creswell Payne (Roche), E. Rippon (Hull), Stanley V. Keeling (Hadleigh), William Morriss (Sheffield), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), W. H. Clements (Bow, E.), Edith Cowell (Bishops Stortford), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), E. C. Luin (Stamford Hill, N.), Isabelle Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), Ovan Adair (Dublin), Florence L. Bate (Folkestone), Jack Headley (Wimbledon), and V. C. Turnbull (London, W.C.).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEARS' SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss ELLEN L. CLUTTERBUCK, of 44, Palace Grove, Bromley, Kent.

WAGNER'S "CONFESSIONS."

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

RICHARD WAGNER has had all the fortunes and misfortunes of the supreme artist flung upon him, as if in obedience to a law; and these "Confessions"* by their very making, their long secrecy, their now sudden and secure welcome as among the world's masterpieces of biography, fulfil the terms under which pathos adds a tenderness to fame, and a great historic figure is kept entirely human. This, we may say, is the book which Germany has given us to link its uncertain, agitated, and too prosaic Empire days with a more romantic past. Wagner writes the page in its "Book of Gold" that follows after Beethoven, Heine, Schopenhauer; his Life was dictated, some portion to "my young friend" Louis King of Bavaria, in 1867; the rest between 1868 and 1873 to Frau Cosima; and when it was printed privately at Basle a brilliant almost juvenile professor named Frederick Nietzsche read over the proofs. Even so late as last year many of the higher critics, we learn, refused to believe in the existence of such a volume. It exists; it will continue to exist. The master-builder has himself set the coping-stone upon his own monument.

We stamp on its title the word "Confessions," a name that is eminent in the literary peerage. Saints and sinners, artists and adventurers, when they reach greatness, have this in common, that they must speak of themselves, simply because each is a world and not an average. No rubric will define, no formula weigh them out. They alone can tell what they are. Thought flames up into creative passion with a man like Wagner; his fancies make pale the realities by which the crowd is dazzled and daunted. He comes, so to speak, out of himself to express in music, in dramatic situations, in a new "Bayreuth Idea," things that none before have dreamt of. He descends as a god upon the stage, and the stage is transformed. He seizes an extinct mythology; it glows and burns with a furious modern incandescence, like a dead star miraculously blazing up again, till every eye is drawn to it. He recovers in a lonely quest the enchanted Venusberg, the sanctuaries of the Graal, bringing back to Celts and Teutons their "lovely knights"—Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, Tristan, Parsifal. He is the predestined interpreter, in an age given over to mechanism, of poets otherwise forgotten, or known but to antiquarians. Taking the great masses of ruin which an explorer such as Jacob Grimm has unearthed, he touches them with a magical conductor's wand; they rise into fairy palaces of light and sound and colour; the gods and heroes fill these courts as of yore; and sceptical, tired Europe believes, for it is compelled to see and hear. One may hate Wagner as Nordau hates him; or turn with desperate rage against his "decadent" charm as Nietzsche turned, ready to slay the detestable Klingsor whom at first he adored; but these things have been. If Wagner was the last of the Romantics, essentially medieval-Gothic, a Scandinavian, drenched in holy water, somehow pilgrim and penitent though far from orthodox, yet his mighty works remain. What would we not give for a record large and free like this, of Shakespeare's life by himself, or of Dante's? The reference is not too bold. At any rate, we may not shrink from declaring that no musical genius ever left so rare a legacy to after-times. One artist, indeed, Wagner must have kept in view as a model, Benvenuto Cellini; one man of letters, Goethe, had attempted a sort of Faust autobiography in "Dichtung und Wahrheit." Let us be daring enough to call Wagner's Life the third great book of its kind.

It modulates into a variety of keys with spirit unfailing. There is hardly any interest belonging to his day that Wagner leaves untouched. He is alive at all points, and has more eyes than Argus. Perhaps it would not be fanciful to identify the poet with his creations—to see in his forced wanderings by land and water the Flying Dutchman; in his heroic yet somewhat ridiculous politics the tribune Rienzi; in his unlucky marriage and separation from Minna the tragedy of Lohengrin. He did beyond a doubt cast into the fire of Tristan's madness a heart which it consumed; his whirlwinds of rage breathe out their tempests in the Norse thunder-music; and he relates, almost with tears, how one day he bethought himself that it was the anniversary of the Lord's passion, and Parsifal's sacred chant of Good Friday came to him inspired. He dreams at sea, and the Rhine-maidens whisper in his ear the song of their flowing river. In a very different mood, at Zürich, he is driven half wild by a tinker's hammering, till he bursts into a laugh and has found the

* "My Life." By Richard Wagner. Authorised English Translation. 2 Vols. 31s. 6d. (Constable.)

discords he requires in a Mime wrangling-bout. Here is the secret of the artist laid bare, so much of it as can ever be; the soul watching, all inward senses open to a world of hints and low voices, watching and finding in a flash, not with infinite stupid efforts, but on a stroke and a bound, the wonder it was looking for.

And what a vengeance inexorable fate asked and took on this Prometheus who stole the fire! He is also, if ever man was, an artist in misery. The "sorrows of Wagner" might be another name, by no means sentimental, but sternly exact, to describe these fifty years, crowded with disappointments and defeats. Essentially kind, generous, simple-hearted, working day and night in a fever of devotion to his high task, proud and straight in his dealings, the man is ill-paid, cheated, starved, exiled, lied against; he should have died like a lost dog before any of his now immortal offspring was born. Of course, he made all the mistakes incumbent on genius. He let himself be exploited right and left. He married the wrong woman. He had no more talent as his own manager than Heine could boast. He refused utterly to propitiate journalism, which, in his day as in ours (may one dare to say it under one's breath?), had some connection with the children of Israel. He was—if the French expressive slang be permitted—*joué par Meyerbeer*, whom he pictures whimsically as always having his valise packed for departure, when any one called on him; and certainly Wagner frightened that clever mediocrity into getting "Tannhäuser" literally "exploded," after a hundred and sixty-four rehearsals, hissed and shrieked off the boards of the Grand Opera by the Jockey Club in Paris, during the never-to-be-forgotten scenes of 1861. Meyerbeer had no intention of suffering this anti-Semite and most astounding innovator to usurp his easy-cushioned throne. Poor Wagner! even at this distance and after his final triumph, that glorious fiasco brings a sense of laughter, not unmingled with some choking in the throat. He could never see that "Judaism in Music" was a forbidden topic to Gentiles; it was only a Jew like Heine (who wrote no musical drama) that might make fun of Meyerbeer. The great composers play in these volumes such tricks before high Heaven as, among other consequences, justify the fun and satire of the Meistersingers—"Hans Sachs's musical message" to them, if we may quote Goethe. How true to life is Spontini, with his fixed idea that he has exhausted the possibilities of counterpoint and opera, therefore Wagner must not expect to be original! How in a phrase we get the French impertinence of Berlioz, replying to some deep reflections of the German concerning unconscious genius and its workings, "Monsieur, nous appelons cela

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Giuseppe and Marco (Mr. H. A. Lytton and Mr. Charles Kenningham), and Tessa and Gianetta (Miss Louie Henri and Miss Emmie Owen).

"Fate in this has put his finger—
Let us bow to Fate's decree.
Then no longer let us linger,
To the altar hurry we."—*The Gondoliers.*

digérer!" But, again, how splendid, capricious, fascinating, and devotedly kind to Wagner is Liszt, the convert who did more even than King Louis to win a hearing for him! We will be fair, nevertheless, to Mendelssohn and others who appear in a dubious light, since they cannot answer the reflections cast upon them, in good faith yet somewhat vindictively, by so headlong an accuser. Requiescant in pace.

No one will enjoy these thousand pages to the utmost who does not know a little of German scenery and German life as it was lived before the great battles which led Wagner to toast Bismarck as a hero of the Nibelung Epic. Dim old feudal unreformed Germany, where freedom was put against the wall and shot, while philosophers and poets might rule over ideal realms, provided they did not mock the police. A strange, rather comical time! Heine, Wagner himself, Freiligrath—dreamers all—were driven into exile by the "old wigs," allies of Metternich and midnight, who now figure as incompetent drivellers in their enemies' verse and prose. Wagner had looked on with innocent eyes at the rising in Dresden after 1848, which the Prussian artillery blew out of its barricades. He had neither shouldered a rifle nor made a speech. He behaved like the legendary Englishman who always observes a revolution abroad from the street-corner. But the warrant for his arrest may be seen (in facsimile) among other illustrations of Chamberlain's famous book. The Saxon chancery pursued him over Europe. His career was made a Via Dolorosa by diplomatic accusations. Even in Munich the foolish lies that depicted him as anarchist and fire-raiser were among the causes of his later self-banishment to Triebschen near Lucerne.

But these considerations warn me that I have not pointed out (and neither have the English publishers) a very important limit to the title inscribed on Wagner's last book. It is called "My Life." Now the author died in 1883; and this autobiography ends in 1864. It ends dramatically with the sudden appearance as the poet's deliverer of a boy-king, the Bavarian Louis, eighteen years and a half old, who had just succeeded to the greatly beloved Maximilian. From 1864 Wagner ascends into a fresh atmosphere, royal and idyllic; he enters on a period which, in its reconciling harmonies and golden close, might be termed the third movement of his life's symphony. He has won a king for his dearest friend; Frau Cosima Liszt shares his existence; Siegfried Wagner is born; and Bayreuth produces, at last, his godlike trilogy. Of all these culminating events the story must be sought elsewhere—in the adoring pages of Glasenapp or the biographical dictionaries. Wagner is not, of course, to blame; he told the tale, with frank vivacity, on to the stage where his companion joined him for good. But it would be well to print the dates 1813–1864 on the title-page, so warning English readers that they will not find the third volume of Wagner's romance inside these covers. We are led up to it by delightful ways; yet "My Life" as here presented is a fragment.

One word should be dedicated to the translation, which seems to be anonymous. It is literal and sins with its German text by an abundance of particles; if they were omitted the gain in strength and idiom would be worth having. Some lapses into trivial phrase or even slang mar its general excellence. But a work which is destined to become classic should be handled delicately. Of editing or annotating there is no sign. The reader who can at once recall a fact or a date concerning the crowd of celebrities passing before him may rest assured that he has the fair "makings"—as we say in Ireland—of a cosmopolitan education. Wagner did not write for Englishmen, but for the world whose capitals are Paris, Rome, Berlin, and Vienna.

New Books.

THOMAS HARDY: ROMANCIER.*

For some time past, as is well known to those specially interested in the matter, the French critics, commonly deemed to be the most competent in the world, have been concentrating persistent effort in constructing monographs on English Letters. Professor Beljame founded this particular school about twenty years ago with his epoch-making study, "Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre au dix-huitième siècle." Less orderly, less uniform than their own highly cultivated field, English Literature appeals chiefly to the French critic through the medium of its forest trees, in other words, the writers of surprising individual genius who have flourished so abundantly in Britain since the time of Pope and Swift. Hence the series of monographs, the majority of them written with an express object in the quest of credentials, doctorates, chairs, and the like, which have astonished us no less by their mass than by their intimate acquaintance with the subject-matter and their masterly authoritative handling. As the series unfolds it induces serious reflection upon the advantages of the French academic system. So far are these books from being perfunctory, superfluous, or amateurish, that many—we must admit it with something like shame—have become the supreme authorities on their several subjects. Without boring the readers of THE BOOKMAN with even an attempt at an exhaustive list, it may be interesting to enumerate a few of the leading cases submitted to this comprehensive French analysis: Wm. Blake (Berger), Burns (Angellier), the Brontës (Dimnet), Chaucer (Legouis), Coleridge (Aynard), Cowper (Boucher), Crabbe (Huchon), Dickens (Gausseron), G. Eliot (Hovelaque), Hawthorne (Dhaleine), Herrick (Delettre), Hazlitt (Douady), Ben Jonson (Castelain), the Masque (Reyher), Keats (Sarrazin, Lucien Wolff), Lamb (Derocquigny), Locke (Bastide), Lyly (Feuillerat), Meredith (Photiades),

* "Thomas Hardy, Penseur et Artiste: Etudié dans les Romans de Wessex." Par F. A. Hedgcock, Docteur ès Lettres. (Hachette.)

Davray), Scott (Maigron), Shelley (Rabbe, Chevrillon, Koszul), Sydney Smith (Chevrillon), Shakespeare (Mezières, Stapfer, Jusserand, etc.), Sterne (Stapfer), Tennyson (Ragey), Thelwall (Cestre), Thomson (Morel), Wordsworth (Legouis), the Lakists (Cestre), Young (Thomas). The omission of names in whom one might have thought that French critics would have been pre-eminently interested—for example, Marlowe, Milton, Dryden, Swift, Pope, Johnson, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Gibbon, Gray, Byron, Rossetti—is no less remarkable than the insistence on writers of the calibre of Young and Crabbe, upon whom two of the most elaborate studies dilate at almost inconceivable length.

But no one will dispute that a most worthy addition to the series of French monographs (before which our own "English Men of Letters" must hide their diminished heads) has been made by the recently issued "Essai de Critique" on Thomas Hardy. The subject is one of the utmost difficulty. There are, of course, the Poems, "The Dynasts," and the "Wessex Novels." But apart from that—virtually a clean slate! There are no documents, letters, anecdotes, critical controversies, memoirs, introductions, and the like, which spring up like mushrooms in the lapse of time to enrich the feet of the giant-boles. On the topography of Wessex, on the geography and bibliography of Mr. Hardy's novels, no doubt a fair amount has been written; but when it comes to spiritual or artistic guidance in the labyrinth of Mr. Hardy's thought it must be admitted that (apart from the somewhat rhapsodical panegyric of Lionel Johnson) there is little or nothing. As to the prudence of Mr. Hedgcock's choice of a subject, apart from its difficulty there can, one imagines, be little question. There are masters and masters still among us. To one school, almost a generation, Kipling stands for the Artist, with a capital, some hail Wells, others Shaw, as Rabbi, nor does Gertrude Atherton probably stand alone in addressing (or even dedicating to) Henry James as "the master"; but to most of us mere English, at any rate, since Meredith and Swinburne have passed away, Thomas Hardy is surely the head Master of Letters. The ages of England have passed into his work, the rustic idyll, the landscape that blends past and present, the witchery of our Anglo-Celtic womenkind, the moral seriousness and melancholy, the preoccupation with whence and whither, the spleen and the humour, the graveyard earthiness and grim merriment of our old English peasantry—qualities which the best critics have long discerned in our traditional fiction and in Hawthorne, are not all these things immanent and almost ubiquitous in the work of our greatest living artist-novelist?

Mr. Hedgcock has chosen his subject well. He has placed it in competition with the works of those who regard five or six years as a moderate probation for a thesis of this particular kind; and, difficult though the subject must necessarily have been to any one not closely intimate with the artistic and mental development of the great novelist, he has voluntarily added to its difficulty by (he, a native of Brighton) composing his *étude* in idiomatic French. English critics of no mean ability have expressed to the writer grave and head-shaking doubt as to the idiomatic purity of Mr. Hedgcock's literary medium, and for a few moments he was in grave apprehension lest the exquisite purity of his French taste, acquired by many years' diligent perusal of the French prosateurs and historians, might be critically endangered. The assurance of two pundits on written French so distinguished as Professors Legouis and Brandin that many Parisians would be proud to be able to write such clever French as that contained in this *essai* set this anxiety completely at rest. We are in a position to affirm that our readers may peruse Mr. Hedgcock's book in complete immunity from any risk of the deterioration of their modern French style.

The Hardy geography and bibliography have hitherto been the only wear; but not so the spiritual Wessex. Mr. Hedgcock aspires to be the Baedeker of this country, he essays a map of descriptive cartography and gives us admirable ground plans of each novel in succession. He traces the career of the writer from fatalism to determinism, and brings us to the summit of his romantic composition on the sea-girt moor of Egdon, scene of "The Return of the Native." He studies his reflection of nature, devotes careful study to his discipleship, and the influence of Raveloe, deciding justly enough that where George Eliot is dominantly moralist Hardy is supremely artist. He protests against the note of revolt in "Tess" and "Jude," and even against the freakish innuendo of "Two on a Tower." He cannot absolve the novelist "d'avoir voulu faire un portrait satirique de cet ecclésiastique [the bishop]—non content de manifester une simple indifférence et d'employer une méthode purement objective qui accorderait à la religion la valeur qu'elle a dans la vie des personnes répresentées, il montre parfois envers elle une hostilité ouverte et méprisante qui sied mal à un grand artiste."

Mr. Hedgcock finds the distinctive trait of Hardy's style in precision, judicial exactitude, things seen, the sound heard, the impression felt—the train of reflections that the experience, whatever it is, provokes—Hardy insists on giving it in his own way—bending language to suit him, not warping his impression to suit some banal old phrase or other. The style is of a *penseur*, of an artist, of an iron worker in the hard but malleable medium of his own West Saxon speech. He has enlarged the limits of the novel in various directions. The *conte*, too, he thoroughly understands. He has emancipated the novel from the shocked and ower-protestant prudery of the Dickens and Thackeray epoch. Mr. Hedgcock leaves too little space for the development of this portion of the thesis, and fumbles perhaps a little in tracing an evolution from "Jane Eyre" to "Tess," which needs the manipulation of a master hand. He is on surer ground when he discovers in Hardy a dramatic-romancist who has filled the gap which no tragic writer since the *Cenci*, unless we include "Wuthering Heights," has seriously attempted to fill. His works are the artistic expression of the pessimistic theories of Leopardi, De Vigny, Schopenhauer, and Renan—the artistic realisation more particularly of the same scheme of thought which Schopenhauer develops as a logical thinker. He balances the repute of Hardy and Meredith: the former individualist, *par excellence*, pessimist and speculative artist; the latter didactic, social, optimistic, a believer in and champion of progress. Meredith seeks his palette in the essence of his wit and intelligence. He teaches sanity and humour as the saviour of society. Hardy disbelieves in progress other than material and mechanical. The essence of man and the ineradicable pathos of his fate are not affected by human energy and endeavour. Meredith replies that man supplies intelligence and will to matter. Let us trust to intelligence, he says; fundamental brain work may yet serve to repulse the brute nature and plant us in the right path of progress. Hardy is interested far less in social improvement; he takes little stock of civilised man. He probes like a metaphysician into the inherited nature and inflexible limitations of Man. Meredith, practical, utilitarian, teaches by satire, example, the method of comedy, good sense and good feeling. Hardy seeks to enlighten us by an interior view of man's cruel legacy of suffering, wrong, and immemorial infirmity of steady will and deliberate purpose. Great story-teller first, with a rare view of underlying philosophy second, Thomas Hardy is thirdly, lastly, and perhaps pre-eminently poet. Here is the true architect, who never ornaments structure, but constructs poetically from the inner core of language and rises into the upper air, serene, where future ages may look back with veneration to a monument that will through many periods of the history of Wessex (which is the history of England) beckon, arrest, exalt, and encourage the weary and wandering footsteps of our poor humanity.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

NEW POEMS.

There is peculiar aptness in the title of Mr. Visiak's new book, "Flints and Flashes," * the latest addition to that Satchel Series in which Mr. Elkin Mathews has already presented much work marked by individuality and giving promise subsequently fulfilled. For there seems to be in Mr. Visiak's intellect and temperament something metallic against which, suddenly striking, an object is shocked into fire and produces on our imagination an effect fairly comparable to that of the spark which is struck from flint by steel. "The Murderer" may serve as an instance:

"I've tricked them! At dawn another dies,
Caught in the net of liars' lies.
But the black night is shot with bars;
And, through the murk, two stony stars
Peer forth like gaolers' eyes."

In those five lines there is a five-act tragedy, ending, as real tragedy does, on the big note of infinite suggestion. There is nothing bitter there, nor savage, but that murderer's success hit steel when it hit Mr. Visiak's mind, and the resultant quick flash is as wide an illuminant as the lightning. An equal hardness can be perceived in several other poems, in "The Enemy," "A Ballad," and in the two brief addresses "To the Tsar" and "To Leopold." Mr. Visiak is an implacable foe of tyranny.

Every one has his favourite word, and it is not wholly fantastic to imagine some significance in the fact that Mr. Visiak has a predilection for the epithet "grim." Grimness is certainly the chief characteristic of the poems which are the best in this slender collection, the most original in conception, that is to say, and the best regarded from the point of view of technique. "The Wolf" is an almost perfect example of poetry of its class, very closely condensed and highly charged with meaning. "A Moonlight Comedy" is less successful, but only because of a too large admixture of the grotesque, but both poems are notable and as original and effective as anything that Heine accomplished of the same order. One other poem, "The Smoker of the Mist," we quote in full:

"Under the moon,
The grey goblin
Smokes his white pipe
Long and thin.

"His gleaming eyes
Glint and roll—
Or is't the sparks
From his pipe-bowl?

"The bright stars blink,
The moon grows dim
Over the goblin
Smoking grim.

"He puffs the reek
In reel and rout,
Till the sun puts
His pipe out."

There is only one other man now writing to whom we should have ascribed those verses if they had been shown to us with no author's name attached: to W. H. Davies, as to whose claim to the high title of poet there is very little controversy to-day. And so we arrive at the question whether on the strength of the few short poems just mentioned, and perhaps one or two more in this volume, following upon the "Buccaneer Ballads" published a little while ago, Mr. Visiak too may be said to have established his claims to the same high title. Merely to ask the question is to answer it in part, when such a slight quantity of verse is under consideration. Mr. Visiak has made his mark, and the permanence of the impression he makes upon modern English literature will be determined largely by the use he may choose to make of his power. So far he appears to have disregarded the chief use of poetry, which is to delight. He makes an immediate impression by the strength, the hardness, the condensation, the significance, the grimness, the originality of his poetical conceptions; but the lasting impression has generally been made by other qualities of the poetical temperament, and his friends, Mr. Lilley among them, will not do him any remarkable kindness by talking about a "new Amphion" just yet. Of all men, poets need most to pray to be delivered from their friends. But there is no doubt that in Mr. E. H. Visiak there is a vein of genius. How far it goes we do not claim to be expert enough to estimate, nor how much pure ore to the ton it will yield. Even this small volume ought to have been smaller.

Mr. Emery Pottle's gift of song is of a wholly different order, and the verse published in this very well produced volume * is all quiet, meditative, gentle. While his mind is locked in the fierce strife of the street, his heart dwells in the "far forest's lane, learning the silence the trees impart," and it is in the open that he finds his happiest inspiration.

"Pan plucked a rose all dripping sweet
With sunny dawn; all frail and cool
With evening, as a new-made moon
Asleep within a forest pool.
He laid the rose at Nature's feet—
And some one called it June."

If one poem is to be picked from the many in this volume, Mr. Pottle need not fear to be measured by that one. Among his sonnets, nearly all good, "The Pool" is easily the best, and deserves to be noted by anthologists, while "Oh, ye of the little loves," shows the white purity and the delicate grace of the author's mind. These poems interest us, and not the less so because of the contrast they present to Mr. Visiak's. Mr. Visiak arrests the attention; Mr. Pottle woos it. Only time can decide which will hold it the longer.

CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

* "Flints and Flashes." By E. H. Visiak. 1s. net (Elkin Mathews.)

THE REAL GILBERT.†

When Mr. Rutland Barrington issued his first book of reminiscences at the price of three half-crowns, Mr. George Grossmith sent him a congratulatory telegram. "But," asked Mr. George Grossmith, "why seven-and-six when Ellen Terry, Dan Leno, and George Grossmith are only a bob?" In his reply, Mr. Barrington explained that his own idea had been a more modest one, namely, that he should write a sixpenny volume of recollections. His publisher, however, "refused sternly to consider" so absurdly low a figure for such invaluable material; he said the public preferred to pay more for wares of this quality. No doubt he was right; and anyway, the public had no cause to complain that it did not get its money's worth. Nor will it have any cause so to complain with respect to "More Rutland Barrington," at the same price.

Naturally two hundred and fifty pages or thereabout of gossip by a man of the wide experience and broad sympathies, the artistic gifts and social charm of Mr. Barrington cover much ground and many topics besides Savoy opera and the stage generally, with which, of course, he is associated primarily in the popular mind; there are good hunt stories and good golf and bridge stories, for example, in

* "Poems." By Emery Pottle. 5s. net. (Methuen.)
† "More Rutland Barrington." By Himself. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

Rutland Barrington.
From "More Rutland Barrington," by Himself. (Grant Richards.)

this book. But the special interest of the volume nevertheless lies in the two main directions already mentioned: in the sidelights it throws on the character of the late Sir William Gilbert, both as dramatic author and as friend, and in its observations concerning the present position of the theatre in England and especially of the playwright and would-be writer of plays.

We have heard so often of the short way that Gilbert had with impertinent comic men and other outrageous persons that some of us may have been in danger of concluding that the most genuinely humorous writer for the English stage in the nineteenth century was in private life a little bearish and behind the scenes an ill-tempered martinet. The present picture of Gilbert made up from numerous incidental allusions by Mr. Barrington is far from resembling either the one or the other. Always witty (when he wanted to be), Gilbert was never needlessly cruel, although he did not pretend to suffer fools gladly; even at the Savoy he was not for ever quarrelling about carpets and sitting upon inspired comedians.

Mr. Barrington places it on record that Gilbert was very willing to accept shrewd suggestions as to how his own works should be rendered; that not only did he allow new readings at revivals of the same but complimented the players on their originality and laughed heartily when they were amusing in a novel fashion. Indeed, the Gilbert we see here was a man of really genial soul, although he refused to allow any passing ignoramus to maltreat his work, and happily was in the position to demand the fullest consideration alike from managers and players.

Sir William, as most people doubtless are aware, was a stickler for excellence of detail in all the productions in which he had a hand, and he attached great importance to the appropriate dressing of the members of the companies. When he was rehearsing "H.M.S. *Pinafore*" in the last series of revivals at the Savoy, he "expressed great dissatisfaction" with the costumes of the ladies of the chorus. Mr. Barrington thought them "adequate if not imposing"; admittedly they were not "made by Paquin." Gilbert insisted that they ought to be of the same beauty as those used in the original production and refused to accept Mr. Barrington's dictum that no revival (even a Savoy revival) could possibly pay if the expenses were more than half those undertaken in connection with the première. So unconvinced was Gilbert of the truth of this theory that he harboured to the end a scheme for reviving certain of the Gilbert and Sullivan pieces "on the original basis of unstinted production." Curiously enough, at a rehearsal of one of the revived operas that followed upon the "Pinafore" revival, Gilbert was warm in his approval of the dressing of the piece; whereas a feminine verdict was that it was "worse than 'Pinafore'!"

During this series of revivals Mr. Barrington was cast again for the "rather unimportant" part of Lord Tolloller, and wishing to "get a little more out of it than he formerly had," he suggested to Gilbert that a different make-up and manner might be tried. He proposed by letter to Gilbert that his lordship should figure as "a kind of brainless person with reddish hair, parted in the centre and smoothed down on either side." The author replied that he would consent to the change "subject to the wig not being 'too scarlet' and the absence of brain not 'too conspicuous.'" When Henry Lytton in "The Pirates of Penzance" greatly "elaborated the melodramatic side of the character of the Pirate King," Gilbert was "immensely pleased" at the rehearsal; and he endorsed Mr. Barrington's proposal to play Don Alhambra in "The Gondoliers" as a bland light-hearted old nobleman instead of the dour villain of the first reading.

Mr. Lytton, the Giuseppe in the latter revival, was much upset by Gilbert's declaration that, owing to the way in which the rôle had been played at a previous revival, all the "gags" introduced by Mr. Barrington in the original run and "legalised" by the author must be omitted in the up-to-date version. Mr. Barrington was asked to plead with Gilbert for mercy; and he did so. Thereupon, Sir William "kindly sanctioned" the use of all the gags, "except one." Mr. Barrington reminded Gilbert that formerly he had not made this exception. "Ah," replied the author, "I was afraid of you, then." And in due course he surrendered this final objection also.

Presumably Mr. Barrington must have a supernormal influence over successful dramatists, however; for he tells us that Mr. Alfred Sutro altered the last act of "The Walls of Jericho," whilst it was on tour, merely to enable Mr. Barrington as Lord Steventon to figure in every act of the play. But even Mr. Barrington dared not ask Gilbert to reduce "The Mikado" to the time limit for sketches at the music-halls, despite a belief that such an attraction (including Mr. Barrington) would have money in it. Which assuredly it would.

WILLIAM PURVIS.

COLERIDGE'S BIOGRAPHY IN LETTERS.*

The biographical value of the letters in which Samuel Taylor Coleridge poured forth truth and poerty as to his physical life and his mental and spiritual development was early recognised. When the second edition of the "Biographia Literaria" came out in 1847, there was added to it a biographical supplement prepared by Henry Nelson Coleridge and, after his death, completed by his widow

* "Biographia Epistolaria," being the biographical supplement of Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria." With additional letters, etc., edited by A. Turnbull. 2 Vols. 3s. 6d. each. (G. Bell & Sons.)

Sara Coleridge, the daughter of the poet. This supplement of 136 pages has now been extended to more than six hundred pages, and forms a very welcome addition to Coleridge literature. It will be seen that there is a large increase of the material offered to the reader, and Mr. Turnbull has not spared labour in order to make it really serve its purpose. Many letters are now available that were not open to Henry Coleridge.

Mr. Turnbull's work does not supersede Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge's edition of his grandfather's "Letters," but is limited to biographical data which are gathered from that and various other sources. In the preface, Mr. Turnbull states that the total number of letters *known* to have been written by Coleridge is between 1,100 and 1,200. Of these 219 are given wholly or partially in this work. Many of Coleridge's letters may have perished, others we may hope will yet be recovered and made public. In Coleridge's unprinted letters to young Pryce, he has an interesting reference to the future editor of the *British Magazine*:

"I cannot imagine the cause of Mr. Hugh Rose's silence; on the receipt of a copy of my *Friend*. So strange and portentous is the spirit of Slander, at present, that sometimes I have fancied it possible that he may have heard some diabolical lie or other concerning me; yet I think he would have had the kindness to have informed me of it. If your friend keep up any correspondence with Mr. Rose I should be glad if he would insert these lines in any letter he may have occasion to write. I felt extremely interested in Mr. H. Rose from the style and spirit of his letters to me."

This was written in 1816 at the critical period of his transfer to the Gillmans, and is illuminating as to his feelings at the time. This brief extract shows the existence of two of Coleridge's correspondents who have remained unknown in that capacity. His letters to Pryce are devoted to high arguments as to "Socinianism" and his own method of philosophising Christianity. The letters to Hugh John Rose, if they are still extant, ought to be of great interest. Moreover, a diligent search among the public libraries and private collections of Great Britain and the United States would, it may be hoped, bring forth a goodly number of these now hidden treasures. In the appendix Mr. Turnbull gives details as to many that are in print. What we ought to have is a complete collection of the epistles of S. T. C. He stands in the front rank of English letter writers; in his occasional whimsical charm he is not easily surpassed, whilst in range of knowledge, of sympathy, of philosophic insight, and of self-revelation he is in the very forefront. Nor is the value of his letters for his disciples only, for those who differ most profoundly from the results proclaimed in his speculations will find them stimulating and suggestive, even when they entirely fail to convince. For it must be remembered that Coleridge, whatever his frailties or failings—and these have not always been construed in a generous spirit—was one of the most wonderfully endowed of all the sons of men: a poet, a philosopher, a fountain of eloquence that flashed in beauty alike in the spoken and in the written word. We have indeed been told, and in no unfriendly spirit, that "Coleridge's letters lack style" and in the sense that they are spontaneoulsy written letters, and not carefully polished essays, this may be true, but they are frankly self-revealing, and the *obiter dicta* with which they are studded are all worthy of attention and patient study.

Perhaps a suggestion may be hazarded. The Royal Society of Literature produced in 1907 a remarkable edition of "Christabel," under the care of Mr. E. H. Coleridge. It would be a worthy deed if under the same guidance the Society would publish an edition of all the poet's known letters, with suitable commentary. Samuel Taylor Coleridge was one of the Royal Associates appointed on the foundation of the Royal Society of Literature, and the greatest genius whose name can be found on its roll of members.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

STEVENSON.*

If style could do it, Stevenson would be a greater novelist than Scott, a great essayist than Hazlitt, a greater letter-writer than Cowper; for in sheer beauty and magic of style there is no doubt he passes all three of them. As a personality, too, he was more alive and alert than Cowper, far more winning than Hazlitt, and more original than Scott. So, when one comes under his spell and grows to love him, it seems an ungracious thing to be talking of whether he goes into the first rank or the second; you even resent a little the complacency of those who say he is not to count among the great but may be reckoned as one of the greatest of the "Little Masters"; it is enough that when you have read his letters you put them on the shelf next to Lamb's; and if you enjoy his exquisite art as novelist or essayist you are not disposed to concern yourself about the precise degree of his greatness—time will settle such points without your assistance or in spite of you.

One thing is sure: this new edition of the Letters is a thing for every lover of literature to possess. It is as near perfection as anything in this world can be. In size and binding it is good to see and to handle; its clear print makes for comfortable reading; it has a portrait of Stevenson prefacing each of the four volumes, an admirable introduction by Sir Sidney Colvin, and the letters are linked up with concise explanatory notes by the same hand, so that, as the editor says in his preface, "the present edition will be found to constitute in effect a nearly complete epistolary autobiography," any gaps being amply supplied by the preface and the incidental notes. In the four volumes are included the "Vailima Letters," the "Letters to his Family and Friends," and a hundred and fifty letters that are added in their due order of date and now published for the first time. And it is sufficient to say that the new letters are a valuable addition both as literature and as autobiography.

Here in these four delightful volumes you have the real Stevenson in all his varying moods. There are those wonderfully vivid pictures of his own daily life, particularly of his life in Samoa, and hints and underlying suggestions everywhere of the courage and gay humour with which he faced the difficulties of delicate health and frequent illnesses that kept him continually in the shadow of death; you see him sometimes working easily and hopefully, sometimes toiling at his writing and re-writing and haunted by fears that his powers are waning, though the novel he was busy upon when the end came bade fair to be the greatest of his works. Many of the letters are essays in little on manners, morals, literature, and the miscellaneous affairs of humanity; he discusses the arts that he practises; tells of new novels that he starts upon with enthusiasm and presently grows cool over, or lays aside whilst he is working eagerly at some new idea; and always it is the frankness, the humour and pathos of his memories and hopes, and his careless revelation of himself that give these volumes their chief and enthralling interest.

Three of the novels he started upon and left little more than begun are gathered into the "Lay Morals and Other Papers" that have just been issued by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. Other papers in this book are "Father Damien," "The Pentland Rising," "College Papers," and various sketches and criticisms, none of which have hitherto been collected except in the expensive "Edinburgh" and "Pentland" editions. Some of these miscellanies are as characteristic of Stevenson as anything he wrote, and, with the light that is thrown upon many of them by the Letters, add appreciably to our knowledge and to our admiration of him.

A. ST. J. A.

* "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson." Edited by Sidney Colvin. 5s. net each. (Methuen.)—"Lay Morals and Other Papers." By Robert Louis Stevenson. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Peter Pindar Esqr.

From "Some Eccentrics and a Woman," by Lewis Melville. (Martin Secker.)

GEORGIAN CHARACTERS.*

"Most of it coarse and not a little scurrilous indeed, but much of it readable and amusing," is Mr. Lewis Melville's apposite description of the mass of satire belonging to Georgian history. The words quoted might well be applied to the greater part of that history as it is retold for modern readers by Thackeray and his successors and in the diaries and memoirs of the time. It is something of a pity that the brighter side of Georgian life, to which belongs the birth of many a noble philanthropic movement, is not more adaptable for light reading; for, truth to tell, one is getting rather bored by the growing volume of literature devoted to the beaux and dandies, and the "light women" who lived in or about the Court during the eighteenth and the earlier part of the nineteenth centuries. Which reflection is none on Mr. Lewis Melville, who writes out of the fulness of sound knowledge and good sense (including a sense of humour), flavours his studies with a nice literary allusiveness, says all that can be said for his "eccentric" subjects, and (in the cases of Beau Brummell, William Beckford, Sterne, and Mrs. Draper, for example) supplies authoritative and agreeably corrective footnotes to more than one commonly accepted piece of scurrility. Of the eight papers of which the present book is composed, seven have appeared previously in reviews or magazines: "Some Eighteenth-Century Men about Town"; "Peter Pindar"; "Sterne's Eliza" (Mrs. Draper); "William Beckford"; "Charles James Fox"; "Exquisites of the Regency"; and "The Demoniacs" (Hall-Stevenson and his boon companions). The eighth and concluding essay is devoted to "Philip, Duke of Wharton," Pope's portrait of whom is accepted as "all too true." Of Beckford, Mr. Melville tells us "there has been no biography worthy of the name," a remark due to a qualm of quite unnecessary misgiving as to his own work, or unwillingness for some other reason to alter the text of the article as it appeared in the *Fortnightly*. There are eight illustrations from well-known paintings and a frontispiece in colours, "A View from the Pump Room, Bath," from a drawing by Richard Deighton.

* "Some Eccentrics and a Woman." By Lewis Melville. 10s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

ASIA, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Three books lying before us * all deal with the East of the great continent of Asia—with that portion of it which may be called Asiatic Asia—at some period in its long history. And there is one point common to the three, that they all devote attention (one of them exclusive attention) to the nation at the easternmost confines of this part of the world, the Empire of Japan. It may also be said that the authors of all three books have a strong belief in the importance of Japan's destiny in moulding the future of Asia. Mr. Lloyd, who avowedly comes forward to praise Japan wherever she deserves praise, foretells her ability to consolidate herself, in the passage of time, into a great, and not merely a great military, nation. Mr. Hannah deduces from the story of recent events in Asia the virtual establishment of a Monroe Doctrine in the Far East under the shield of Japan. The Earl of Ronaldshay sees her legitimately turning her triumph over the forces of Russia to her own profit in the first instance. For he says (pp. 346–7):

> "Any one who is foolish enough to imagine that she spent millions of money and thousand of lives in Manchuria, that she staked, in fact, her very existence upon the fall of the dice of war for the sole benefit of others who were unwilling to put up the stakes, is likely to meet with a rude disenchantment. . . . It would be strange, indeed, were she to seek no recompense for her vast sacrifices, and it is absurd to suppose that she will not—so far as she is permitted to do so—take every advantage of her position to forward the interests of her own people in Manchuria."

And he hails what has happened in Korea as simply the inevitable.

Mr. Hannah's work is ambitious in its scope. It endeavours to cover in the course of 300 pages the whole history of Asia outside Persia, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Syria, and Asia Minor; for he recognises the distinction, which we have made above, between Asiatic Asia and the Asia which is involved closely in the history of Europe and the Mediterranean Sea. "Eastern Asia" is not altogether a new work. It bears as a sub-title "the second edition of 'A Brief History of Eastern Asia' entirely rewritten," the earlier book having appeared some ten years ago, soon after the time when the author was master of the English School at Tientsin. Mr. Hannah says that the criticism of his first edition which impressed him most was to the effect that it contained too many facts to the square inch, wherefore he has tried in this second edition to leave out whatever was neither of interest in itself nor of importance to the story. It may be still urged that the multitude of facts makes "Eastern Asia" rather breathless history if the reader sets out to run through it as a whole. This was unavoidable, no doubt, in the presentation of the story of a vast section of the world in so few pages. The volume is by no means uninteresting; but it is likely rather to be kept as a handy book of reference than to be read for pleasure. Its value as a book of reference cannot be questioned, though on a few points it does not seem to have been brought quite up-to-date. It is excusable, perhaps, that Chinese events of the past two years should be dismissed in half-a-dozen rather vague lines, when is it so difficult at present to arrive at the real meaning of those

* "Eastern Asia: A History." By Ian C. Hannah, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"An Eastern Miscellany." By the Earl of Ronaldshay, M.P. 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)—"Every-Day Japan." By Arthur Lloyd, M.A. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

events. But the annexation of Korea by Japan, which took effect last August, is not mentioned; and is it correct any longer to talk of France's "position of protectress of Latin Christians"?

Mr. Hannah has a gift of expressing important facts in a few words. Three sentences may be quoted from his last chapter. "Asia is only in a state of decay because of European interference. . . . A relaxation of Western pressure would bring automatic reform. . . . It is a weak China, not a strong China, that really menaces the peace of the world." That it is the European Powers who have kept China's present dynasty on the Dragon Throne and so hindered the process of reform is clear from all truthful histories of China, including Mr. Hannah's.

Lord Ronaldshay's book is partly composed of speeches delivered by the author on various occasions; one to the Scottish Geographical Society as long as nine years ago, one in the House of Commons, one at an Authors' Club dinner, and so on. In addition, there are reprints of articles which have appeared in different magazines. There is apt to be something rather unsatisfactory about a book of this nature, if only because, while words remain the same, circumstances change; and to meet the change of circumstances by the insertion of footnotes does not add to the reader's pleasure. Yet Lord Ronaldshay was justified, we think, in collecting these scattered speeches and writings in a volume. He is a clear-sighted observer, and events have had a way of confirming rather than upsetting the views he ventured to express in the past few years. He does well to call his work "An Eastern Miscellany," since this title indicates at once his wide range of subjects and the somewhat disjointed nature of the book. He divides the contents into four parts: "General," "The Middle East," "India," and "The Far East." The two latter sections are the most interesting. On Indian affairs Lord Ronaldshay has decided ideas, which are well known to those who have followed the Parliamentary discussions upon those affairs. To such the two opening chapters of his third section may be commended. In dealing with the Far East, he devotes most of his space to Japan. We have already quoted a passage in which he gives some views about Japan's development. It is worth while to add another sentence from the same passage: "Should a reaction of public opinion in England set in to the detriment of the good relations between the two peoples, . . . the enthusiasts [about all things Japanese] will have no one but themselves to thank for the plain results of their own unreasoning and extravagant praise." In a footnote he says that the reaction unquestionably did set in. He might, however, have added that this reaction was to a large extent organised by certain Japanophobe journalists, some of them influenced by the ideas of the "White Australians" and the like.

Mr. Lloyd has certainly produced a book calculated to attract the general reader, unless the latter happens to be satiated by the writings of the enthusiasts mentioned by Lord Ronaldshay. He has also produced one well worthy of the attention of those who take special interest in the affairs of Japan. He knows his subject well, having had, as he says, "twenty-three years of happy activity as instructor in the Naval Academy, Medical and Paymaster Colleges" at Tokyo. Baron Hayashi, former Japanese Ambassador in this country, vouches for the volume, in an introduction which he contributes, as "one of the most useful contributions we have had to our stock of information." There are, indeed, few departments of the life of the country of which Mr. Lloyd has not something worth hearing to say, in a manner which blends the good friend and kind critic. He is by no means blind to the very grave dangers attending Japan's development in the immediate future. He notes that, while a dozen years ago it was a common ambition of young Japanese students to become a Cabinet Minister, six years ago to be a sailor or a soldier, "to-day they say that their country demands of them that they shall make themselves rich, and they take most kindly to the sacrifice"—a necessary sacrifice, after all, he adds, for Japan will never maintain her present position unless she becomes a wealthy nation. The risks of devotion to money-making are not likely to be minimised by a teacher like Mr. Lloyd. But he is confident. "Japan has in her elements of moral greatness, which will in the end triumph over the frankly materialistic—I had almost said sordidly materialistic—ideas which are now predominant. She counts among her sons many who are, honestly and honourably, seekers after truth and righteousness, and it is to these that I look as the ultimate preservers of the old wine in the new bottles."

PHILIP W. SERGEANT.

MR. BELLOC'S NEW NOVEL.*

Mr. Belloc's Girondin, despite the dictionary definition given on the title-page of his book and the expectations raised thereby, is not one of the famous band of deputies "of that Gironde or Bourdeaux region: men of fervid Constitutional logic, of quick talent, irrefragable logic, clear respectability," whose story runs like fire through Carlyle's epic of the Revolution; no impetuous Vergniaud, no sharp-bustling Guadet, no Captain Hippolyte Carnot with cold mathematical head; nor is the end of him, expectations and hopes maybe notwithstanding, though in its way pitiful enough, the end of any among the eloquent twenty-one of France who, "bemurmured and beshouted," went down under Samson's rapid axe "one head per minute or a little less" on the 31st October, 1793. Rather does the character and career of Mr. Belloc's hero recall that Louvet who "bilks Revolutionary Committees, rides in carriers' carts . . . has hair-breadth escapes that would fill three romances, finally. . . ." No. Boutroux never gets to Paris to his fair Helpmate, or to Switzerland and better days. His escapes are sometimes less than hair-breadth. Like Louvet, he is often flying desperate, splashing the mud on each side of him, and has great experience of pouring rain; but "Is it still raining?" he asked at last, lying in a convent somewhere near that "Silent Windmill" from which "the Miller of Valmy had fled dusty underground," on the splashy height of La Lune in that campaign of Kellermanns in September 1792, and then "'What weather!' sank the voice. And after that it spoke no more."

At the first, and afterwards too when his adventures were far through, one hoped other and better of Boutroux. Foppish, flippant, with his brown Gascon face and crisped black hair, suave in manner, given to epigram, bearing his twenty years lightly and yet with a certain preciosity, Boutroux when we meet him at his uncle's table in Bordeaux wins at least our interest. He is of the hero type. We feel that Mr. Belloc has got hold of something promising for this his first venture as a romantic novelist. We watch him pleasurably as, "with his little toy dress-sword at his side, in the full finery of his wealth, walking high in his dark silk and his gold chain at the pocket and his shoe-buckles of silver," he moves out on that stirring eve of revolution to dare fate in the streets of Bordeaux. Besides, all that early record of his doings is excellently done. It is Mr. Belloc at his best.

But, as fate would have it, Boutroux must kill his patriot: and thereafter for long enough, perhaps too long, his fine mien of heroism wears dim somewhat. He is a hunted man. All France seems on his track. Those hair-breadth escapes follow thick and fast and none too convincingly. It seems another Boutroux somehow who lurks in inns, drives in carts, feigns madness in his postillion disguise and drives the lawyer towards the Land of the Blessed. He communes much with the changed Boutroux.

* "The Girondin." By Hilaire Belloc. 2s. net. (Thomas Nelson & Sons.)

He develops an unconscionable habit of lying. Even when the sack of charcoal is left and the girl is taken, and there is a deal of pretty talk and pretty sentiment, and hidden in good straw "he wanders confusedly among the inward parts of his soul," and presently love visits him in the dark; not even then does his story move us as it should. We read but are not with him. We want Mr. Belloc to hurry Boutroux out of the straw and the moonshine into the daylight of the real world he knows so well.

Well, he does, and splendidly too. Midway through the book, thanks to the old widow upon whom afterwards he wreaks a Gascon's revenge, he is pressed into the ragged army of the Republic; and thenceforward there is for Mr. Belloc or Boutroux no sign of faltering. For Boutroux grows suddenly to manhood—though still hunted and still a liar and still a bit of a philanderer and, moreover, a strange amalgam now, as befits a Girondist maybe, of tenderness and cruelty, simplicity and cunning, impulse and restraint—and mile after mile as he goes, he and his noble beast Pascal, our love grows for the fellow. He emerges a true hero. All the rains of untoward heaven, through all that long ghastly march eastward to Valmy, cannot wash the man out of him. Never a complaint. No flinching from the worst horrors. Of all his finery of wealth, loves, friends, nothing now but rags, starvation, weariness, mud and rain, tramp, tramp, and still rain, and himself taking everything with a smile, and Pascal plodding under him through mud and rain to inglorious death.

Perhaps Mr. Belloc has never written anything so good as his account of that terrible march. It is narrative of the best kind, simple, direct, swift, vivid, and every word of it actual. There is nothing secondhand here. In spirit Mr. Belloc goes marching with Boutroux. He knows every mile of the way. He sees everything. From his great knowledge not only of soldiering but of France and its history, he selects just the right details to make of his story a masterpiece of realism. Not the grim, ugly realism of "Le Débâcle," nor the minute searching realism of "Peace and War," but a realism of Mr. Belloc's own, restrained, full of beauty, irony—something after the model, say, of Anatole France. And under it all the heart of *la belle France* throbbing in mad turmoil of revolution.

One thing, however. It was a blunder to kill Boutroux. He deserved to live longer. And there are other marches he might have made. Presently, with more experience of novel writing, Mr. Belloc will come to husband his riches.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

ITALY AND THE CAR.*

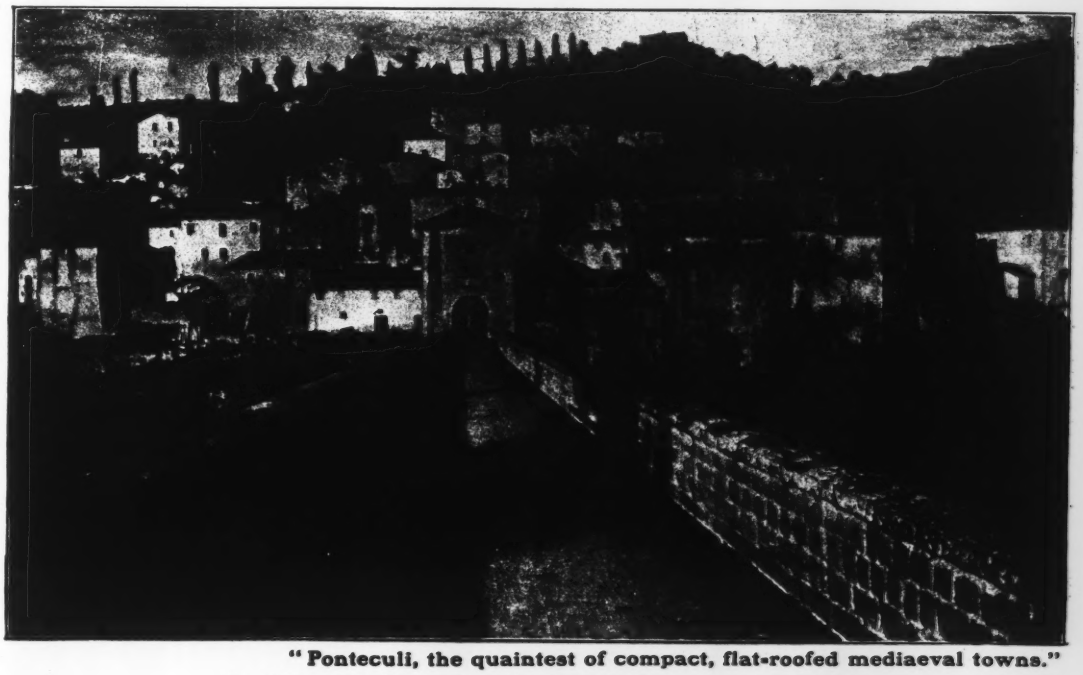
The literature of the motor has now taken a definite place among the other branches of the profession. From the point of view of the tourist who tours with a volume at the back of his mind the advantages of travel in a car are obvious. One or two books of the kind that have recently appeared savour of genuine pioneering, while others deal effectively with fields that have lain fallow for generations. Much of the matter in Mr. P. G. Konody's book may be said to fall within the latter category, although in the course of his travels numerous centres were visited as well with which the world in general has always remained more familiar.

It is all the same whether the car be travelling through solitary or populous neighbourhoods. A certain wealth of incident may invariably be relied on, even if it be provided by nothing beyond the vicissitudes due to punctures in odd places and by the occasional drought in the petrol tank at some critical moment. As was only to be anticipated, all these minor catastrophes entered into the author's itinerary, and, together with the major experiences of the routes, they are related in pleasant and fluent fashion.

Once across the Channel, Mr. Konody set out in his car from Boulogne, and passed southwards on the accepted routes through Amiens, Dijon, Nantua, and Moutiers, entering Italy by way of Ivrea. The main goal of the author's journey was Italy, and, once on the soil of that sunny land, the pages of his book blossom out into descriptive passages in all earnest. Needless to say that the architecture and art of which he was principally in search claim the chief interest, and the reader cannot but welcome the fact that many of the buildings and treasures that have been so ably described are situated far from the beaten track, and until now have met with comparatively scant recognition.

Indeed, one of the most attractive features of Mr. Konody's work is his conscientious avoidance of the well-beaten paths of the tourist. The author evinces a not unnatural

* "Through the Alps to the Apennines." By P. G. Konody. 12s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)



"Ponteculi, the quaintest of compact, flat-roofed mediaeval towns."

From "Throug h the Alps to the Apennines," by P. G. Konody. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

distaste for these, and for the human parasites that abound in the more noted spots. Here, for instance, is his account of the arrival at Pisa: "No sooner had we stopped than we were surrounded by the swarm of beggars, cripples, and hawkers who invariably infest the precincts of Pisa Cathedral. Picture post-cards, abominable alabaster models of the freakish Campanile, and other souvenirs were thrust under our noses, accompanied by maimed limbs and noisome diseases of various description."

The picture is familiar enough to one who has visited the show-places of Italy. Indeed, this inevitable assemblage of the halt, maim, and blind, as importunate in their methods as the poor creatures are repulsive in appearance, constitutes a serious drawback to the romantic peninsula as a pleasure resort. It is one, moreover, that the student of architecture feels most acutely of all. There are buildings that demand a silent and reverent gaze—a feat that the clamouring and jostling crowd takes care to render quite impossible. But the author does not dilate unduly on the subject of these genuine grievances, for one reason, it is to be supposed, since he escaped the infliction of so many of them.

The story of the byways that is told here is far more fascinating from the mere force of its novelty than that of the route studded with world-famed edifices, picture-galleries, and museums that have been plastered about with an almost nauseating superfluity of description and photography. Mr. Konody struck boldly out into the country itself and witnessed the life of the Italian peasant. There are, of course, some purely material drawbacks that are inseparable from the process of drinking from the cup of an unsophisticated and rather crude existence. There are questions of bed and food that it is best not to attempt to solve, but rather to take all that comes with an easy mind and an eye that has been purposely deprived of its discernment. Under such circumstances true local colour is to be enjoyed, and the trip may be relied on to be prolific in happenings.

The author relates an incident at one of the smaller towns that is quite typical of the country. It happened that an opera company of the genuine local type was performing at Volterra, and, seizing the opportunity, the visitors attended the theatre, and found it impossible to restrain their amusement. This aroused the wrath of a neighbouring person "whose dirty and disreputable appearance made his presence in the stalls a mystery, even though the price of a stall at the Persio Flacco is the Italian equivalent of half-a-crown." On the next morning the author and his party again met the patron of the opera who had shot such indignant glances in their direction the previous evening. On this occasion "he showed no trace of resentment at our unseemly behaviour at the theatre. In fact, he was humility personified. He sat at the gate of the Baptistery and held out his hat to us for a *piccola carità*!"

When he forsook Italy to turn the front of his car northwards, Mr. Konody's journey lost little in interest. The journey through the Austrian Alps was productive not only of magnificent scenery, but of hotels of a type that compared favourably with the caravanserais of the more southern land. From Austria the route is continued through the sombre glades of the Black Forest, and then across Germany into France, until the car is well upon its homeward way. Illustrated as it is by photographs, pencil sketches, and a frontispiece in colour, the volume is a welcome addition to the travel literature of lesser-known Europe.

W. H. KOEBEL.

ANTARCTIC HEROES.*

Enthusiasm! What would the world have done without it? There are chill-bloods by the thousands—the sad truth to tell, humanity is mostly made up of them—who, even with all evidences against them, will still sit quietly in their chairs and grumble stolidly against the upheavals of enthusiasm. Yet, again, where should we be without its stirring power? The plodder—in his secret heart possibly envying the enthusiast—says it brings trouble by the way of change and a re-settling of things, and that many who have followed the flaming objects of their hearts' desires have heaped death, terror, and general stagnancy on the world's progress. True; but the bitterness of the olive must be taken with its digestive qualities, as the heat of summer must be borne along with its productive powers.

So it is that enthusiasm keeps us moving towards a great goal that still lies far ahead of mankind. And one of the soldiers of the legion of warm-hearts is Dr. Charcot. Genial, of surpassing kindness, stalwart in figure, gently persistent in purpose and winning in narration, his is no blatant, praise-forcing record of conquest over icy fastnesses and age-frozen secrets. No; but how it wins upon us by its manly, quietly told story, its full allowance of credit to all who were in the venture actually or in France, its cordial indomitableness, its tip-top sort of humanity. The doctor did not go down south for the purpose of making any wild, death-or-glory "dashes" for the Pole, nor in any other direction to cover the utmost space in the least amount of time. His aim was to resume his former labours of exploration generally, where Nordenskjöld, Gerlache, others and our own Captain Cook had worked—or, in other words, to run straight down from Cape Horn to the South Shetlands, then along Graham's Land to where the 80th degree of western longitude (Paris) crosses the 70th parallel of southern latitude and work from there to 120 west, then back to Punta Arenas. The craft, a barque with auxiliary engines, was specially built, at St. Malo, for her work; and, apparently, she could hardly have been better fitted for the purpose.

Dr. Charcot's narrative is in simple diary-form; and, after the general Introduction, he gets straight to work, starting with the passage from Punta Arenas to the Shetlands. As to its winning personality and humaneness, pleasantly reflective at times, but not too frequently so, the doctor writes:

> "So here I am again at Wandel Island, where for nine months [on his previous expedition] we lived, worked, hoped, sometimes almost despaired and often sorrowed. I am back again under much better conditions, with a ship, equipment, and means which are out of all comparison with those of the former expedition."

Thus he comments on the Then and the Now and remarks how little changed are a boat, an observation hut, etc., which they had to abandon some years before. In another place, when penguins have had to be killed for soup, he exclaims, "Why is man bound to do evil as soon as he visits any place?" Again, when one of these human sort of birds pops up suddenly by the side of the boat, on a particularly difficult, exasperating, and dangerous journey, a hand goes out for the neck of that timely intruder between them and the closing-in ice; but, no, the commander says, let the poor thing go—we still have some food left. It is in the same vein that he writes:

> "Almost every time we land we have to put up with the attacks of the megalestris, and its sharp beak and strong flight justify fear. . . . As a rule every one detests them, but I confess that I have nothing but admiration for these courageous creatures."

And there were other "courageous creatures" there, out on an exploring venture, in a picket-boat which was having to be abandoned, in a desperate effort to get back to the barque. Witness:

> "We make up our very light bundles and then, to put strength into ourselves, we open our tin of preserve and eat a little chocolate. I pencil an account of our adventures to leave in the boat, and we wait for the appointed hour [of leaving the boat], while the snow continues to fall in big, thick flakes. Under the tent on board we look like smugglers preparing to

* "The Voyage of the *Why-Not?* in the Antarctic: the Journal of the Second French South Polar Expedition, 1908–10." By Dr. Jean Charcot. English Version by Philip Walsh. With numerous Illustrations from Photographs. 20s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

carry out a raid. We joke away, as we have done from the start; but our faces are worn and look serious whenever conversation drops. We are unwilling to confess that we are hungry, and we are even astonished at having been able to do with so little without suffering; but my clothes have become so loose that I tighten my belt in vain, and my two comrades have since admitted that they were in the same plight. In a few minutes, despite the bad weather, despite the snow falling more heavily than ever, we shall be off to try our last chance. We have a last look at what we are taking away, and a sad glance at what we are leaving. We have our bundles in our hands, when suddenly from the direction of Cape Tuxen there comes to us, distinctly and beyond all possibility of doubt, the prolonged whistle of our ship's familiar siren."

Yes, the second in command was searching for them. So it is all the way through the story, in humorous times —and they were as many as might be, including mid-Lent carnivals—and alike in great dangers, when thoughts of home and loved ones welled up warm from the heart and the chances were a hundred to one against their ever seeing them again. There is no strain, no seeking to create effect; all is quietly real, yet intensely and vividly true in presentment. Dr. Charcot went out "to do what he could for his country and for science"; and what he has done in both ways cannot, naturally, be set down here—there is too much of it. But we may say that he has proved himself and most of his comrades to be genial, modest heroes. The book appears to be well translated and is fully indexed; it is also excellently produced, in size and binding a companion volume to Captain Peary's recent North Pole book, and the illustrations are excellence itself.

J. E. PATTERSON.

MANY INVENTIONS.*

Of these four books, all of them dealing in some measure with the occult, the new edition of "The Golden Bough" (or rather of a part of it) is the most commanding in importance. It would be difficult to overpraise Dr. Frazer's achievements either as a man of science or as a man of letters. Not that his book is likely to appeal to any one on its literary merits alone, but it is written in a style at once so dignified, so warm, and so simple that it deserves to be appreciated as good literature as well as great anthropology. In its new form, "The Golden Bough" will no longer be a single book, but a collection of books—a sort of anthropologist's Bible. Here in the first part we have a practically independent treatise on magic and the development of the primitive magician into the king who claims to rule by divine right. If Dr. Frazer only lives long enough, the present division is likely to be further subdivided into several independent treatises; and sympathetic magic, magicians as kings, the worship of trees, the influences of sexes on vegetation, and the magical control of the weather, will all expand from single chapters into double volumes. For nothing less than a universe of facts will ever satisfy Dr. Frazer's appetite for evidence. One cannot but be amazed that an author who pauses to investigate such a multitude of facts by the way should find time to reach so many original and luminous conclusions.

Dr. Frazer takes us a good deal further back in his study of magic than Mr. Waite. Mr. Waite is only interested in magic as a kind of cesspool in a world that knows religion. In "The Golden Bough," however, we begin with the savage who knows neither gods nor devils, and who, instead of praying or mumbling spells for rain, thinks that he can compel rain to fall by going out and pouring water on the ground. The idea that "like produces like"—that sprinkling water produces rain, for instance—is at the root of a great deal of primitive magic. It is of the essence of magic, too, to behave as though the performance of a certain ceremonial, like the sprinkling of water already mentioned, must inevitably produce certain consequences, and, even when men begin to worship spirits, magic survives in all places where they coerce the spirits by their ceremonies instead of conciliating or propitiating them. Here, according to Dr. Frazer, we see the vital difference between magic and religion: it is the difference between a spell and a prayer. Thus even the rituals of Christianity can be perverted to magical uses, as in the case of the Mass of St. Sécaire, which is intended to overcome the divine will and the efficacy of which in withering up an enemy is said still to be a popular superstition in Gascony:

> "None but wicked priests dare to perform the gruesome ceremony. . . . The Mass of St. Sécaire may be said only in a ruined or deserted church, where owls mope and hoot. . . . Thither the bad priest comes with his light-o'-love, and at the first stroke of eleven he begins to mumble the mass backwards, and ends just as the clocks are knelling the midnight hour. His leman acts as clerk. The host he blesses is black and has three points; he consecrates no wine, but instead he drinks the water of a well into which the body of an unbaptized infant has been flung. He makes the sign of the cross, but it is on the ground and with his left foot."

This, with more of the same sort of mummery, is supposed to enable you to put your victim beyond the scope of the wisest doctor. The medieval Mass of the Holy Spirit was, of course, of a more innocent sort, but it, too, was magical, being founded upon the belief that "God was forced to grant whatever was asked of Him in this form, however rash and importunate might be the petition."

Mr. Waite's "Book of Ceremonial Magic" is concerned entirely with magic which uses the agency of spirits, and it is a remarkable account of the rituals of magic, the names and offices of the demons, the mysteries of infernal evocation, and infernal necromancy. It is a book of wonder and horror as well as learning, for Mr. Waite has brought to it a burning imagination which sees as the motive of Black Magic "the hunger and thirst of the soul seeking to satisfy its craving in the ash-pits of uncleanness, greed, hatred, and malice." "Those who are seeking," he says, "to exercise the powers of the soul apart from its graces are treading the downward path": magical science, he tells us, is one of the "sciences of the abyss." Thus, he writes with an almost medieval horror of witchcraft. Dr. Frazer enables us to examine the most evil beliefs and practices like specimens in a museum: Mr. Waite wishes to make us shudder at them as sins in the human soul. In the result, if we desire an account of the superstitions of the Middle Ages, we could not do better than turn to Mr. Waite's book. He has dredged the sinister manuals and spell-books of the magicians—the "Grimoires" and the "Keys of Solomon"—for his facts. On the other hand, those who wish to understand the psychology of magic and to relate the superstitions of medieval Europe to the customs and beliefs of savages all the world over will find it more profitable to study the pages of "The Golden Bough."

The differences between the methods and purposes of Mr. Waite and Dr. Frazer may be explained by a comparison of the treatment given to the Hand of Glory superstition in their two books. Mr. Waite is concerned to tell us only the details of the preparation of the hand—the somniferous hand known to all readers of "The Ingoldsby Legends." It must be the hand of a criminal who has been gibbeted. Wrapped in a piece of winding-sheet, it "must be well squeezed so as to force out any blood which may possibly remain in the member, after which it must be placed in an earthen vessel, together with some zimort, saltpetre, common salt and peppercorns—all pounded. It should remain in this vessel for fifteen days and when extracted should be exposed to the heat of the sun during the time of the dog-star until it is extremely desiccated." And then we have a similar description of the ingredients of the

* "The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion." By J. G. Frazer. Third Edition. Pt. I. "The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings." 2 Vols. 20s. net. (Macmillan.)—"The Book of Ceremonial Magic." By Arthur Edward Waite. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Rider.)—"The World of Dreams." By Havelock Ellis. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Death: Its Causes and Phenomena." By Hereward Carrington and John R. Meader. 8s. 6d. net. (Rider.)

candle which "must be held in this frightful hand in order to infect all spectators with the motionlessness and powerlessness of death." Dr. Frazer goes into less detail in his description of this appliance of the medieval burglar. But he suggests the psychological explanation of the dead hand: it is an outcome of the belief that like produces like—that dead things can cast death-like spells:

> "Just as the dead can neither see nor hear nor speak, so you may on homœopathic principles render people blind, deaf, and dumb by the use of dead men's bones or anything else that is tainted by the infection of death. Thus among the Galelareese, when a young man goes a-wooing at night, he takes a little earth from a grave and strews it on the roof of his sweetheart's house, just above the place where her parents sleep. This, he fancies, will prevent them from waking while he converses with his beloved, since the earth from the grave will make them sleep as sound as the dead."

And there are twenty other apposite illustrations. It is its merciless array of evidence that makes "The Golden Bough" one of the great books of modern science.

"The World of Dreams" will be a disappointment to those who expect to find in it a history of dreams in their religious and occult significance or supposed significance. It is a fascinating study, however, from a personal point of view, of dream experiences and their causes. Mr. Ellis discusses incidentally such questions as whether we dream all the time during sleep, and whether the ordinary dream of flying is anything else but the objectivation of the rhythmic rising and falling of one's respiratory muscles, or of the systole and diastole of the heart's muscles, or a result of anæsthesia of the soles of the feet. He seems to attribute the levitations of St. Theresa in ecstasy to this last cause. It will be seen that Mr. Ellis is inclined to be physiological in his explanations. His discussion of necromancy and symbolism in dreams will shock the romantic. Admitting the symbolic significance of dreams, he quotes as an example the assertion of a doctor that "many people when threatened by a gastric or intestinal attack dream of seeing fish." Coming to the question of the influence of dreams on religious belief, he holds that "it is difficult to dispute the statement of Lucretius that the gods first appeared to men in dreams," and he reminds us that in many primitive tribes the sorcerer and medicine man "cultivates solitude, fasting, and all manner of ascetic practices, thereby acquiring an unusual aptitude to dream, to see visions, to experience hallucinations, and, it may well be, to acquire abnormally clairvoyant powers."

To turn from "The World of Dreams" to Messrs. Hereward Carrington and John R. Meader's "Death: its Causes and Phenomena," is to pass from the calm of scepticism to the moving and mysterious seas of belief. The authors deal with the subject of death from both a physiological and psychological standpoint, and they call up the phenomena of Spiritualism as evidence of the immortality of the soul. They have not that mastery of scientific method which makes the work of Dr. Frazer and Mr. Havelock Ellis such a delight to read. In their inquiry both into the nature of death and into the evidence for the soul's survival, however, they are doing what may be regarded as pioneer work, and doing it in an earnest and interesting, if rather unwieldy, manner. Their chapter on "Visions of the Dying," mainly quoted from Dr. Hyslop, affords a curious contrast to Mr. Ellis's book on dreams. One only wishes they could digest and arrange their facts like Mr. Ellis, for then they might be persuasive. And one wants them to be persuasive.

ROBERT LYND.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.*

Certain epochs in our history lend themselves naturally to the novelist. Among these periods one would have been inclined to reckon the reign of King John as being full of dramatic incident and notable national events, and yet we do not call to mind any novel of first-rate importance which deals with precisely this age. Having ascertained, therefore, by a preliminary glance, that Mr. Warwick Deeping had laid his story in these times, we approached his book with more than ordinary expectations. Our hopes, we regret to say, have not been wholly fulfilled. With a few trifling alterations "Joan of the Tower" might refer to almost any period of the Middle Ages. But if we have been disappointed in the hope of finding a novel which should make the age of King John live again for us much as the reign of Anne, for example, lives in the pages of "Esmond," we have, none the less, had the pleasure of reading a very bright and vigorous romance.

Pelleas, the gigantic young monk who revolts against his life at Roding Abbey, with "its grim silences, its grey and half-starved sanctity, its labour in the fields," is the very embodiment of a hero of romance. He goes forth into the world with a burning desire to challenge the Devil in his own strong places, to play the part of God's knight, to right wrongs, slay dragons, and, above all, keep himself pure and clean. Dragons, indeed, do not happen to cross his path, but in all other respects his wishes are abundantly gratified, and Pelleas more than deserves the prosperity and power in the midst of which we finally take our leave of him. Dangerous adventures crowd upon the young man from the outset. He falls in with Lady Isabeau of the Red Tower, the mistress of King John, and she persuades him to go to Birchhanger, and to slay the old knight who lived there and his daughter Joan, averring that they are sorcerers. Pelleas, never doubting of her sincerity, is within an ace of committing this crime, and is only checked at the last moment by remorse and by a feeling that he has been deceived. Upon his return to the Red Tower he incurs Lady Isabeau's resentment owing to his refusal of her favours, and he is providentially saved from her men and dogs when he is at the last gasp by Joan herself. From this moment one can have no doubt as to the ultimate issue of the story, although Joan and Pelleas are slow to find out that they love one another. Pelleas sets forth again upon his wanderings, and serves for a time as a man about a wayside inn. Here he learns that Goliath, King John's bully and procurer, is preparing to slay Joan's father and to hand the girl over to the King's pleasure. Pelleas hastens to Birchhanger, which he reaches in time to save Joan from her fate, and the two escape together into the depths of the Great Wold. But Pelleas's happiness is still far off. Ignorant of her father's death, and believing him to be in the power of Madame Isabeau and King John, Joan deliberately surrenders herself to her enemies. Once again she is rescued by Pelleas, who slays Goliath in single combat. But Joan has wearied of the horrors of the world, and desires only to end her days as a recluse in the rich town of Roymer. This town was, at that season, the centre of the war which was being carried on between the forces of the King and of those who held out for the Great Charter. Amongst these latter Pelleas was a prominent figure, and not unnaturally he was in Roymer upon the day when it was surprised and burnt by the King's army. For the last time Pelleas plays his customary rôle as a *deus ex machina*. He carries off Joan from the midst of her enemies, and brings her in safety to her own stronghold at Birchhanger. Joan at length has the good sense to realise (if the colloquialism may be permitted) when she is well off, and the fidelity of Pelleas receives its appropriate reward.

Except in the case of Joan and Pelleas there is little attempt at characterisation, but the story moves with a swiftness and vigour which lead us to hope that Mr. Deeping may achieve something more ambitious in the future.

M. H. H. M.

* "Joan of the Tower." By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassell.)

THE POET IN MOTLEY.*

In the narrower field of light and comic verse as in the wider one of serious poetry the rule holds good that some great writers influence their contemporaries and successors, while others do not. The recent death of Sir W. S. Gilbert removed from among us not only a man supreme in his particular department of literature, but one of those men who establish eras in that all writers who follow on are more or less sensibly affected by them. Thomas Hood and the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" still hold their sway in the same field, though the former may be regarded as having exhausted the use of the pun as a literary vehicle. Gilbert struck out for himself a line as individual as that of either of those of his predecessors, and he bids fair, like them, to leave his mark upon his successors. There are distinctly Gilbertian touches—the author of the "Bab Ballads" has, sure sign of influence, added an adjective to literary criticism—in both of the volumes under notice, more especially, perhaps, in that of Mr. Richardson, who has the uncommon knack of fooling without any *arrière pensée* of meaning. Such stanzas as those of "The Persevering Playwright" have quite a "Bab"-like lilt:

"He had, with quite consummate tact,
Elaborated, act by act,
With problems, sin and wholesome mirth,
A play of great dramatic worth.

"Upon a squalid murder he,
Had built a fane of chivalry,
'Mid clash of steel and roar of guns,
Relieved with admirable puns."

And again in "A Bright Boy":

"I never met an infant more
Intelligent than Theodore.
The day he reached the age of one
He made an admirable pun."

(Mr. Richardson seems fond of the phrase "admirable puns"—but refrains from giving us such.) The piece of verse from which the last extract is made is even Gilbertian in its theme; going on to say of little Mr. Precocity:

"When he was scarcely more than two
He gave up visiting the Zoo.
'Wagner,' he said, when he was three,
'Is far too sugary for *me*.
In first-class music there should be
No trace at all of melody.
The greatest Fugues are those which are
Suggestive of a motor-car.'"

Here we have a close parallel to the hero of one of the "Bab Ballads" who died "an old dotard of five." Mr. Richardson is best when he most suggests the influence of the master of fun just passed away. On the whole "Shavings" is a volume of farce, drollery, and foolery; it lacks any hint of the tenderness which is necessary to convert such into humour. In this small volume the author is personal, flippant, impertinent—and those who can enjoy personalities, flippancies, and impertinencies will find occasion for some laughter in his pages. To each piece of verse is appended the supposed comment of some notable man and the (equally supposititious) amount received by the author for serial publication—amounts ranging from "nuppence" for forty lines to twenty guineas for six! It has been said that if a man chooses to harp long enough on one string he cannot fail to win fame—or that more profitable approximation towards it which is implied in notoriety. Needless to say that Mr. Richardson does not neglect whiskers among his "Shavings"! Here for instance is a quotation the title of and comment on which are not necessary to a recognition of its astounding excellence, its wonderful wit, its amazing neatness—in a word, its fitness to stand as representative of its author's work as writer of verse:

"There's many an unknown hero
Who lies in a pauper's grave,
And many a man wears whiskers
Who *must* have the means to shave."

* "This Funny World." By F. Raymond Coulson. 2s. net. (Stanley Paul.)—"Shavings." By Frank Richardson. 3s. 6d. (Eveleigh Nash.)

If, to employ an old illustration, Mr. Richardson reminds us at times somewhat of the yokel at a fair who has no objection to grinning through a horse-collar so long as it makes his fellows laugh, Mr. Raymond Coulson now and again strikes us rather as one of those people who, as it has been happily put, laugh that they may not weep. Mr. Coulson is a jester, but he is a jester with a sense of the irony, the tragedy of things; he always writes to amuse—as though remembering Lamb's wise saying that a laugh is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market—but there is most often a purpose, satiric, scornful, or ironic, in his verse; only occasionally is unqualified amusement his object, and only occasionally is the purpose so strong as to overshadow the fun. "This Funny World" is to Mr. Coulson a puppet-show, even as it was to the author of "Vanity Fair." Closing that novel, Thackeray wrote the memorable words, which have, as it were, a wistful echo in so much of his work: "Ah! *Vanitas Vanitatum!* which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied?—Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out." Says Mr. Coulson:

"This is the Theatre. Come, let us look in,
The Marionettes are about to begin.
Here Comedy dovetails
With Tragedy's rage
And lyrical love tales
Are played on the stage—
Are played by the puppets—those whimsical things,
But nobody knows who is pulling the strings."

In Gilbertian vein Mr. Coulson gives us the irritating comfort of the "Humanitarian" who insists on seeing the good where his fellows see the reverse:

"When—crash! Jemima drops the tray
And breaks your dinner-set, be gay;
There's comfort in that crash conveyed—
It benefits the china trade."

He sings ingeniously of the "August Bank Holiday" in the measure of Calverley's "Ode to Tobacco," with the happy ease of his model:

"Some will, with one eye shut,
Shy at the cocoanut
('Three shies a penny!') but
Miss it. I had one
Once; 'twas a boyish shot;
But I, alas, was not
Pleased with the nut I got:
It was a bad one."

Mr. Coulson sings of the Average Man as "Our Ruler"; he sees "The Imperialist" as one who, boasting of all that is his as citizen of a great Empire, journeys through a dismal slum to seek "his home—an attic"; he makes fun of all faddists in a vision of "The World Reformed"; he shows how the careful "Mr. Brown of Turnham Green" would not endanger his life on a bicycle, by playing dangerous games, or by riding in a motor—and was blown up by a gas escape at home; he versifies "The Convenient Creed" according to which, however bad a man may be, he can always lay the flattering unction to his soul that some one else is worse. In humorous ghostly narratives—which should delight the souls of the race of reciters—Mr. Coulson gives us some "Ingoldsby"-like entertainment. As writer of light, humorous verse he is master of his instrument, and his new book should find ready appreciation with all who can delight in fun, not the less because it is now and again charged with serious significance.

WALTER JERROLD.

A GRAND-DUCAL LAND.*

The name of Teck has become so familiar to English ears that the majority of the public merely accepts the word, and never gives a thought to its derivation. We are

* "The Land of Teck." By S. Baring Gould. 10s. 6d. net. John Lane.)

interested in the personalities of the members of the Teck family—we have the best of reasons for admiring them, and we should resent any attempt to prove that they did not belong now to our own nation—but the dukedom itself seems a nebulous thing, with which we have little or no concern.

Mr. Baring Gould has done his best to present the Land of Teck to us as a concrete fact. He must have put a vast amount of work into his volume. The ghosts of hundreds of long-forgotten—one might almost say justly forgotten—Teutonic princelings, and the men who, in one way or another, affected the early history of the Land of Teck, flit across his pages. As a whole, they are typical of their kind, or, rather, of what their kind was before Napoleon smashed up the whole rotten system—ambitious in a petty way, cruel in a petty way, ever ready to change either their allegiance or their faith when it paid them so to do. It cannot be said that their story makes fascinating matter. There are too many of them for it to be possible for the author to give many details, yet details alone could make these people interesting to the average reader. We have a rapid sketch, or a series of sketches, of the transition from robber barons, living in castles perched on mountain tops, to grand dukes trying to live in grand style in sleepy little cities which lacked all the elements of grandeur.

Here and there are brief descriptions of the natural features of the country—in some cases the change from history to geology is startlingly sudden—but the volume has no great value from this point of view. Strictly speaking, Mr. Baring Gould's work is nondescript. There is too much history—the dry bones of history—for a descriptive book, too little description to give it a literary and artistic interest. Really, there is the material for two books compressed into three hundred pages, and the whole effect is marred by the compression.

The last portion, that dealing with the present house of Teck, has, of course, a vivid topical interest, and there will be a large public eager to read about the pedigree of our Queen. The author has not had an easy task, but, considering his difficulties, he has done well. Even if his volume does not become a standard work, at least it will be of considerable value to future historians.

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

THE NEWEST SPIRIT OF THE AGE.*

Mr. Holbrook Jackson's new book is a slight one if measured by mere words, but it is so full in other respects that many of its chapters would bear expansion to the length of a volume. In something under two hundred pages the author of "Romance and Reality" among other subjects gossips of Utopia, Peterpantheism, Hedgerows, Hunger-tameness and Pavlova. Although an avowed idler, like other self-confessed idlers—Dr. Johnson and Stevenson, for instance—he manages to use his intervals of work to some advantage. He tells us that he loves "to do nothing. To sit by a fire in winter, or in a garden in summer; to loaf on a sea-beach with the sun on me; to hang over the wall of a pier-head and watch the waves," and so forth. Of course the love of loafing is a common habit enough, and Mr. Jackson need have no fear of it becoming a lost art. But we are not sure that all idlers know the secret which makes it worth while. "Walt Whitman knew it," says Mr. Jackson, "when he loafed on fish-shaped Paumanok, observing a spear of summer grass; Thoreau knew it in his hut by Walden Pond; William Blake knew it when he saw the angels on Peckham Rye"—they knew that doing nothing fosters meditation, and to some of those who meditate comes inspiration.

In the chapter entitled "Going Nowhere" Mr. Jackson elaborates his philosophy and condemns the "usual practice" by which "you merely push a little money through a pigeon-hole in a railway station, and utter the name of the desired Somewhere, when lo! like the result of an occult incantation, a slip of pasteboard will drop into your hand, which in turn, by the simple process of showing it to a number of uniformed men, will be the means of translating you to a place where you would be. . . . I have invariably found," he continues, "that in persistently going to Nowhere you not only ignore the object of travel, which is to get Somewhere, but you actually accomplish the fact by reversing the process. In going to Nowhere, Somewhere, let me repeat, indeed Everywhere, comes to you." There is no better course for the holiday wayfarer, or for those who like tramping about London and other big cities: one rarely goes unrewarded if one travels through the by-ways and side streets.

"The genius of every age is different," says Dryden, and every generation has its own band of prophets. Mr. Jackson belongs to the new order of things, and if he is not himself a prophet, he is a disciple of the prophets. His romantic stories and his essays all breathe a love of the beauty of this old world and of the joy of living. But he wants others to share his enjoyment of idling, dreaming, and feeding. It goes to his heart to see a *queue* of hungry out-of-workers waiting in stolid patience for their dole of charity soup, or the miserable crew of failures in their torpid slumbers on the benches in St. Giles's Churchyard. Perhaps it is the commercialism which Mr. Jackson so whole-heartedly abhors that is mainly responsible for the condition of these outcasts. "Deserts of noise" is a timely protest against the "monstrous huddle of noisesome traffic"—the "roaring canyons of commerce" of London. One can, of course, escape from the noise of the great main thoroughfares, but if one lives in town one must come in for a good deal of torture "by the legioned devils of noise who clamour indecently in the public places for your soul. Every time you give way to them, every time you live them down, they conquer you. There is no escape save flight."

Mr. Holbrook Jackson's "Introductions" are essays on some of his chosen prophets—Maurice Maeterlinck, G. K. Chesterton, H. G. Wells, and Robert Blatchford are all worth studying. The short papers on Chesterton and Blatchford are perhaps the best things in the whole volume: if a more characteristic sketch of G. K. C. has been written we should like to know of it. As for "Nunquam," "The Well-beloved," there is a picture of him on the platform of a great hall during a big "demonstration," while "all around is a dense mass of people . . . tier upon tier, six thousand strong, like a mountain terraced with human faces, until they fade into the dim heights and mingle with the rococo cherubs in the canvas sky." This description of the editor of the *Clarion* is followed by a graphic sketch of his life-history, which, like his other "Introductions," is condensed and full of well-arranged information.

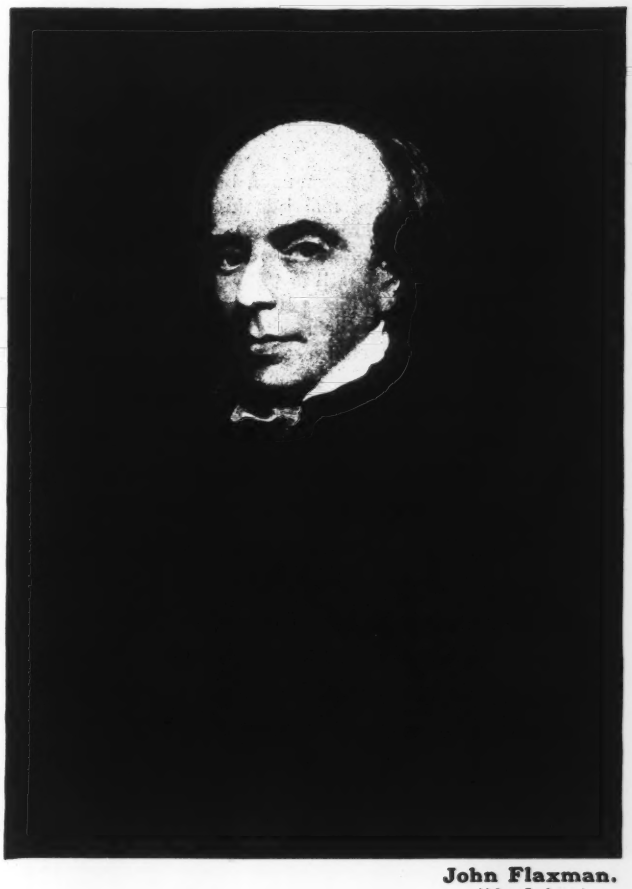
ROGER INGPEN.

* "Romance and Reality" By Holbrook Jackson. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

BRITISH SCULPTORS.*

Their names, although for the most part lost to us, no doubt were many in those earliest days, the so-called Ages of Faith; and native names, albeit to a "Roman Citizen" hight Peter, in the thirteenth century, and to the great Torrigiano himself in the fifteenth, is to be accredited much of the noblest work done on the noblest of our monuments, the Abbey. But all the immensity of fine carving wrought in the churches of these islands could not have been, as some will have it, the work only of foreigners. Indeed, we have word to the contrary. Michael of Canterbury, Richard of Reading, William of Ireland, such are

* "The Lives of the British Sculptors, and those who have worked in England from the earliest days to Sir Francis Chantrey." By E. Beresford Chancellor. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)



John Flaxman.
(After Jackson.)

From "Lives of the British Sculptors," by E. Beresford Chancellor.
(Chapman & Hall.)

the titles left us of some few of that race of home-born carvers who seemingly cared only for their craft, and nothing for their fame. Who was that Thomas Porchalion according to whose "design and model" the Countess Isabel of Warwick in the days of Henry VI. directed in her will that a statue of herself should be made "all naked with her hair cast backward"? Of what quality was that Master Cummings at St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, who made a sepulchre with an image of God Almighty rising thereout, attended by Knights and Angels? These men, and all their congeners, were the modest children of their era, that which conceived sculpture to be but part and parcel of something vaster wherein it fitted. As humble contributors thereto they were paid their wages and forgotten. And yet, perhaps, by reason of this very modesty, their work acquired a charm which endures far beyond what followed.

For what was it which befell us when that age had passed? The post-Renaissance carving, in this country at any rate—apart from the respectable monumental work of the Stones, father and sons, and the stolid portraiture of Nollekens—is summed up in the decorated woodwork of Grinling Gibbons, the pompous and florid productions of such men as Bird and Banks, Rysbrack, Roubillac, Scheemakers, and Cibber. And why? Most probably because there was no passion, no belief behind them, but only their own ambition. Because this was their main *raison d'être*. The world could have got on well enough without them, and they knew it. There was no actual need for the things they did, apart from the vanity of those whom they flattered. There was certainly no need for images of English generals in full-bottomed wigs, and wearing the scanty accoutrements of Roman imperators; there was very little need of the Venuses and Mercurys with which were filled the pleasances of the great. These things were but the artificialities of vogue and fashion, and have ended rightly. Only that, alas, in the case of the former, we have yet to gaze at them!

Nevertheless, sincerity was still sought for by some honest minds. And such imagined that they had found in allegory and personified abstractions a fitting substitute for the concrete realities of the Old Faith. Hence ensued such work as was done by that most prosperous of sculptors, Bacon, who moralised in stone with all applause, and was thereby, good man, a mere past-master of claptrap—a misdirection of the means of art which, however, mattered not much with him whose mediocre skill had little to lose. But it is sad to think how that allegoric boulder first set a-rolling downhill by the great Michael Angelo continued on its way distracting the vision of fine minds from the only true subject-matter of the carver's art, things seen. Even the sincere Flaxman, who, had he been born in the days of Myron and Praxiteles, could not have felt the realities of Myth more keenly, even he, when he turned to portray the dignitaries of his own time, must surround his Judge Mansfield, for instance, with the emblematic forms of Wisdom, Justice, and Suffering, and thus help to swell the monumental outrages committed on London's one great Gothic fane. It is a relief to be reminded that Chantrey, the last and greatest of those of whom this volume gives a most useful acount, was delivered by the clear sanity of his aims, and the practical desires of his clients, from such imaginings. He brought the carver's art, in England at any rate, back to the visible earth, from which—though by no means with the smug complacency of his complacent age—may it never again stray!

It is well to read in pages such as these of errors and divagations escaped at last, lest some pernicious vogue, like a bad fashion in dress, recall them. A great and warning reminder is this history of what bad stuff good men can do when they cease to be natural and sincere. Mr. Chancellor is to be thanked for dealing so lucidly and patiently with what is for the most part an unsympathetic and pitiful theme. One hopes that he will reward himself, and us, by a further volume showing forth the good things that have followed Chantrey.

ARTHUR LEWIS.

Novel Notes.

MRS. ELMSLEY. By Hector Munro. 6s. (Constable & Co.)

We do not know if we are confessing to deplorable ignorance in saying that for us Mr. Hector Munro is a new author and this his first novel. What we do know is that it is a novel well above the average, one which arrests attention for itself, and assures a reader of the author's inherent power, before many chapters have been read (and there are close on eighty of them). "Mrs. Elmsley" is a book packed with good stuff. Here and there the reader will notice a certain old-fashioned formality of style which, far from dulling the interest, seems to increase one's affection for the story and belief in the writer of it. Mr. Munro has chosen no beautiful and picturesque surroundings to set off his theme. He places his characters in a manufacturing city in the North of England, and the fortunes of his hero and heroine, and many another, are intertwined with the fortunes of the Hanover Oil Mill. Colin Liddel is a general manager in the mill, George Elmsley is his chief, and Mrs. Elmsley the chief's wife. This full story with its numerous threads is a chronicle of love and of business, both love and business being handled with

the facility of a man who is recounting in a quiet, unstudied fashion the doings and circumstances of people he has known for years and meets every day. High praise is due to an author who lays open for us so relentlessly and so humanly the weakness of the strong and the strength of the weak. The book is a long one, running to over four hundred pages; but it is a book of quiet power and simple telling, and we have not wished it a page less than it is.

A SHIP OF SOLACE. By Eleanor Mordaunt. 2s. net. (Heinemann.)

It appears that nine years ago Miss Mordaunt wrote a story entitled "The Garden of Contentment" which is selling even to-day. We do not know the book, to our loss apparently; but we feel that it must be one with her new book. Here there is nothing very exciting; the story has no purple passages or mighty moments. But how life-like it is, though it wanders whimsically at times! How deeply interesting it is, despite its simplicity! And how unhackneyed it all is! Briefly, it is the story of how two women—an invalid widow and her nurse-companion—make a sailing-ship voyage from the Clyde to Australia. The nurse tells the story, in the present tense and somewhat in the form of a diary; into it she deftly weaves two pretty love-tales, one for each of them. But the charm of the book is its fresh, in a marked degree virile, handling of old things, whereby they come to us as things so new as to be wholly interesting. To all who can appreciate a quiet tale told with considerable art we strongly recommend "A Ship of Solace."

THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION. By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

The refreshing feature of Mr. Temple Thurston's work is its individuality. What he writes is emphatically his own and could not possibly be mistaken for any one else's work. An anonymous "Temple Thurston" would be detected at once, and though his popularity is a strong incentive to imitation, no counterfeit has yet been produced which would deceive the experienced novel reader for a single chapter. In a word, Mr. Temple Thurston has a style. He has created a new *genre*, and for all that it appears so easy to copy, he has somehow contrived to keep his formula secret. As to the merits of the Thurstonesque manner there may be two opinions, but there can be no question of its popularity. Mr. Thurston has invented a new form of entertainment, and his circulation proves that the public appreciates it. His books are so easy to read that they produce an illusion of being easy to write. But in reality the art of being sentimental without being sickly is not so simple as it looks, and Mr. Thurston adds to his gift of sentiment a keen eye for beauty in everyday scenes and an untiring capacity for enjoying life. Everything that is beautiful appeals to him and he can find beauty in much that to most people appears trivial or commonplace. The sub-title of Mr. Thurston's new book, "the love story of an ugly man," is characteristic of his method. For really there is no reason why the hero should have been more than ordinarily plain, except to excite the reader's sentimental pity. Indeed Mr. Thurston makes an unnecessary demand on the reader's credulity when he suggests that the wealthy Mr. Bellairs was so ugly that his ugliness made him repellent to women, especially when the course of the story makes it clear that all the nice women in the book were not repelled by it at all. If we were disposed to be critical we might complain that Mr. Thurston begins by claiming our sympathy for his hero under false pretences. But Mr. Thurston never gives the reader time to be critical. He sweeps on with such buoyant good spirits and frank enjoyment of natural beauty that we are hypnotised into accepting his premisses without demur. "The Garden of Resurrection" has not the charm of "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," and it contains one needlessly painful incident, but it is very good Thurston for all that.

THE CASE OF LETITIA. By Alexander Watson. 6s (Smith, Elder.)

Letitia's case was not uncommon, but her solution was remarkable enough. She married the wrong man, and, after his death, found that her true lover would not take her on account of her child. Whereupon she gives up her child to some wealthy relatives of her late husband, and in the glory of this sacrifice persuades Rob Armitage to accept her. The ethical value of this conclusion is disputable, and the authoress must be prepared to find some of her feminine readers hotly opposed to her. But as a story "The Case of Letitia" is undoubtedly readable. There are evidences of considerable penetration, for example, in the description of Dr. Marcel, the chivalrous physician, and of Rob Armitage not only as a boy but as a vehement man. The authoress has also put plenty of variety into the setting of the tale. Where she has failed is in the delineation of Rob Armitage's conduct after he had tried in a fit of mad jealousy to drown his rival's child and then rescued it. It would have been psychologically finer to follow this up with a reaction in favour of Letty and her boy, rather than to make the episode stiffen the lover into an attitude which required such a sacrifice from the girl-widow. Apart from this weakness, however, the story is undeniably strong.

THE BEWILDERED BRIDE. By Randal Charlton. 6s. (Nash.)

We are informed that "The Bewildered Bride" has been placed upon the libraries' "black list." This is, upon the whole, rather a bewildering state of affairs. The book is certainly not one which could be placed with safety in the hands of the traditional young girl, but that is the worst that can be said against it. Mr. Randal Charlton's main "situation" is delicate, but his handling of it is in no way objectionable, and he may, in fact, be congratulated upon the skill and restraint of his treatment. Harry Monteith has, in extreme youth, sown a solitary wild oat, and soon afterwards he has fallen romantically in love with Amy. The latter's mother unfortunately is poor, and she has an eye upon the main chance, in the person of the vicious, but wealthy, Sir Lucius Meyer. Amy is being cajoled into a marriage in which every one knows she will be miserable. In the nick of time, however, Harry abducts her, marries her, and, by an unfortunate chance, is compelled to take her to a small country inn, the barmaid of which constitutes his past. Amy is informed of this by the lady in question—and the way out must be left to those readers who are sufficiently curious to buy the book. Although Mr. Charlton's story is not sufficiently strong to warrant the length of his book, and he has in consequence felt it incumbent upon him to give us an overdose of an epigrammatic gentleman named Hillary St. Ann, his treatment of his big scene is highly effective and in no way laboured, while the barmaid is a very skilfully drawn and well-realised character. Her figure is indeed an achievement in its way, and it gives a note of distinction to an adroitly contrived, but somewhat ordinary, novel.

THE HAPPY VANNERS. By Keble Howard. 6s. (Cassell.)

There is a flavour of Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat" about the story of "The Happy Vanners," only in this case there are two women included and the boat is a caravan. From the beginning we anticipate that humorous adventures will overtake the five hopeful people who have decided to spend a novel week's holiday travelling through Shakespeare's country; and we are not disap-

pointed. Into those seven days Mr. Keble Howard crowds a wealth of incidents that can never fail to amuse even the most sober and exacting of readers. The scene in the village inn, where Catchside, one of the party, endeavours to entertain the yokels with a little ventriloquism, the scene at the railway station when the holiday has barely commenced, and where much difficulty is encountered in buying a horse and getting it to move—these and a score of other laughable interludes will remain in the reader's mind long after the story is read, and even the memory of them will cause him to smile. It is an ideal book for holiday reading, for it does not contain a dull page, and the humour of it is spontaneous and irresistible.

THE ONE WAY TRAIL. By Ridgwell Cullum. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

"It's no use, Peter, I can't and won't listen to reason on this matter. Eve is before all things in my life. I can't help loving her, even if she is another's wife, and I wouldn't if I could. See here, if Eve's unhappy there must be some way of helping her. If he's ruining her life he must be dealt with. If he's brutal to her, if he's hurting her, I mean knocking her about, by God, Peter, I'll—I'll—smash him, if I swing for it! She's all the world to me, and by Heavens I'll rid her of him." Eve, the heroine of this story, was unhappy, for exactly the reasons which Jim Thorpe supposed. Her drunken husband was ill-treating her, and Mr. Cullum describes with his wonted vigour the wild life of the Western village where the outcome of her unfortunate marriage takes place. It is a tale of rough loyalties and strong passions, which lose none of their vitality in the author's pages. Jim Thorpe behaves heroically, for love of Eve, and Eve carries through her difficult rôle, till the reader's sympathy and admiration are won for her. The story is decidedly wholesome and realistic. It is in no way below the level which the previous tales of the author have led readers to expect in any romance from his fluent pen.

MRS. THOMPSON. By W. B. Maxwell. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This is an exhilarating and often a distinctly clever story, but it is not in Mr. Maxwell's usual vein. The plot opens well with the rivalry between two large provincial shops, one of which is managed by Mrs. Thompson, a capable and attractive widow. Under a sudden access of passion, due to her pretty daughter's obstinacy, she marries one of her young shopmen, and the reader prepares for the inevitable disillusionment. But Mr. Maxwell, after describing his heroine as a feminine Cheeryble, works out her career with a subtlety which becomes almost farcical. Marsden, the husband, is drawn with characteristically realistic power, and the minor figures are all alive, even Enid and her scapegrace of a husband. Mr. Maxwell has also got inside the shop. He has caught the atmosphere and spirit of the big establishment, with its little rivalries and trade outlook. But there is something inconclusive in the dramatic close of the story, which is happy—or as happy as it could be under the circumstances—without satisfying the reader's sense of probability. It looks as if Mr. Maxwell had turned aside from the sombre issue of his plot in order to please the majority of his tender-hearted readers by making his heroine come out with flying colours.

INGRAM. By R. H. Gretton. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Gretton describes this book as "an exercise in the Disraelian manner," and explains that his aim is to arouse curiosity upon the present political situation. In this most people will admit that he has been very successful. The whole foreword is to the point and clearly explains the aim and "content" of the volume. The manner is very unlike Disraeli, and it is perhaps a pity to have suggested a comparison (which we fancy would have occurred to very few), for Disraeli, though rather grandiose and not quite sincere, is undoubtedly the greater artist. Ingram, the hero of the novel, is a young Liberal M.P.; though not an aristocrat he belongs to the governing classes, he enters the Liberal Government, and we are led to suppose will soon reach Cabinet rank. The power of the book is that it makes the reader feel himself in the midst of affairs which are "thrilling" and important, the existing element of which arises from the fact that no one fully understands the full significance of the present situation. The book is very modern in its way of asking many questions and giving no answers, but there is a marked absence of the terrible insistence of personal and moral problems. It is practically without plot, there is very little development of character, the individuals are certainly more than mere puppets, yet one must admit a certain absence of actual humanity. The love story is so slight as almost to escape notice, feminine atmosphere and influence is scarcely felt throughout the volume. Both Lord Morton, the cultured aristocrat always sympathetically watching modern tendencies, and the intelligent plutocrat, Mr. Richardson, are well drawn. The author leaves alone the Labour members, because he does not really know them, though he fully realises their importance. There are many discriminating though sympathetic sketches of well-known politicians (sometimes the actual names are given) without any attempt at disguise. The author can both think and write; the book is distinctly out of the ordinary line, and should be read by every student of modern fiction as well as those who desire to exercise their curiosity "upon a situation fully as pregnant as that of eighty years ago."

WHEN WE ARE RICH. By Ward Muir. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The ideal book for a leisure hour or so is the book that makes us laugh and at the same time contains a good story. Such a volume Mr. Ward Muir has succeeded in writing. He introduces us to a delightful collection of characters—art students and artists of both sexes, who have formed themselves into an equally delightful coterie called the Grinling Club. The members of this club consist of Leslie Clay, who tells the story; Dolly, who is the heroine; Rebecca of the sweet nature and the wonderful hair; a young Austrian baron, who forgets his wealth and his shyness in the society of the club; and Eustace Corder. They are all admirable in their respective ways, but Corder is Mr. Muir's great creation. His irresponsibility, his love of the bizarre, his unquenchable youthfulness, his charming impudence, all make him a character which it is a rare pleasure to meet with in the pages of a book. I have read nothing for a long time quite as amusing as the scene in which Corder takes Dolly and Clay to the Hotel Monopole because he is wearing dress clothes, and asks for Lord Robinson, whom he has discovered through the newspapers is staying there. He does not know Lord Robinson, but this makes no difference to Corder. Then he discovers Miss Todd—a fat old lady who lives in Camden Town. He helps her out of a tram and insists on seeing her home. Subsequently all the Grinling Club meet at Miss Todd's, and their relations with this dear old lady and her Scotch servant are one of the great features of the book. Mr. Muir also succeeds in painting a very truthful picture of Fleet Street, and essays a portrait of a certain famous establishment which he calls Carthew House—a huge newspaper organisation which has appeared under different names in quite a number of novels during recent years. The story the author has to tell is excellent, and contains that touch of tragedy without which no comedy is complete. "When We Are Rich" is a book to be read by all who want to laugh.

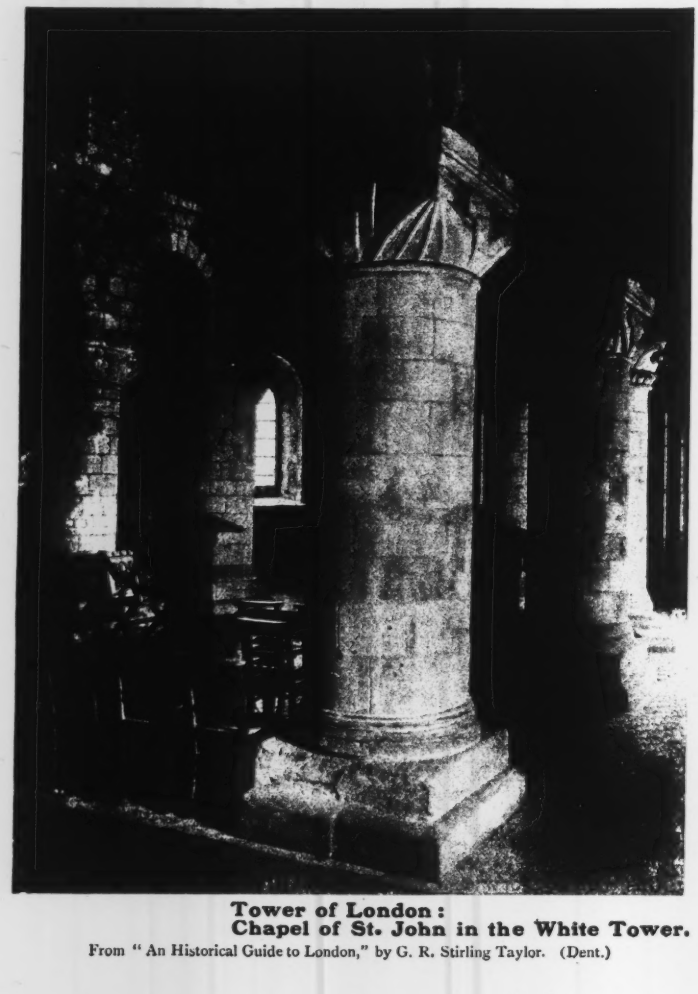
The Bookman's Table.

AN HISTORICAL GUIDE TO LONDON. By G. R. Stirling Taylor. Illustrated with 56 Photographs. 6s. net. (Dent.)

This is a full book of some three hundred and fifty pages, but Mr. Stirling Taylor realises that no one volume, however close-packed it might be, could tell us all that is to be told about London; he therefore wisely limits the scope of his work, and within that scope he has done it carefully and well. His book has been written, he says, "for the sightseer to use in the streets," and with that end in view he has concentrated his attention on "vital points" round which the reader can group the details later at his leisure. The arrangement is admirably lucid and concise. First there is a survey of the history of London and its environment; then follow itineraries that divide London into districts which have some common distinctive feature, and these districts are grouped in historical order; then comes a third part consisting of a gazetteer, giving the main details about each house or site that is included in the itinerary. We congratulate Mr. Taylor on having produced what is at once a thoroughly serviceable guide-book and an interesting and ably written history of London.

THE REAL CAPTAIN KIDD. By Sir C. N. Dalton, K.C.M.G. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

Whitewashing the most notorious black sheep of history has been, in recent years, so much in vogue that one is inclined now to regard all such books *prima facie* as the ingenious literary gambols of the paradoxist. No such charge can be brought against Sir C. N. Dalton. Setting out his facts upon the principle of allowing the personages who took part in "this melancholy business" to speak for themselves, so far as the extant records permit, Sir C. N. Dalton makes out what seems a clear case for regarding Macaulay's picture of Captain Kidd as an "indefensible and inexcusable travesty" surpassed only in its untruthfulness by the narrative of Lord Campbell. That Captain Kidd did, upon one occasion, probably commit an act of piracy against a Portuguese vessel is admitted, but the action was, it seems, committed in extenuating circumstances. It is clear, we think, to anybody reading this narrative with an unprejudiced mind that Captain Kidd was a man infinitely more sinned against than sinning, and that his memory as the arch-pirate has been held up to wholly undeserved obloquy owing to his having been made the scapegoat for personages of the highest rank and official position in this country. We congratulate Sir C. N Dalton upon a book which is not only valuable from the historical standpoint, but which is in itself interesting to read.



Tower of London: Chapel of St. John in the White Tower.
From "An Historical Guide to London," by G. R. Stirling Taylor. (Dent.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A DON. By G. F. Abbott. 5s. net. (Stephen Swift.)

Mr. Abbott possesses some of the gifts of the novelist He is able, for instance, to write racy and effective dialogue, and he has a good deal of skill in characterisation. Certainly he has set himself a novelist's, rather than an essayist's, task. His purpose is not so much to give vent to his own opinions as to voice those of his three imaginary characters—the don, Shav, and Chestnuton. (From the names of the two latter, the reader will be able to gauge the particular varieties of "heresy"—as the don names it—to which each gives his support). Of their kinds, the three may be taken as typical—the don aristocratic, Shav anarchic, and Chestnuton very like his prototype, whatever that may be. Thus we find the last inveighing against present-day degeneracy and mourning the fact that mankind has lost its faith even in those things which are admittedly frauds. Later on, Shav gives us a closely reasoned, and apparently sincere, plea for polygamy—to mention but one of the many topics upon which he sparkles. The remarkable point about the book is that the author has managed to sink his own individuality; he presents his various cases with unruffled composure and effective satire. In a word, "The Philosophy of a Don" is bewildering. We do not know exactly what to think of it—except that it is well worth reading.

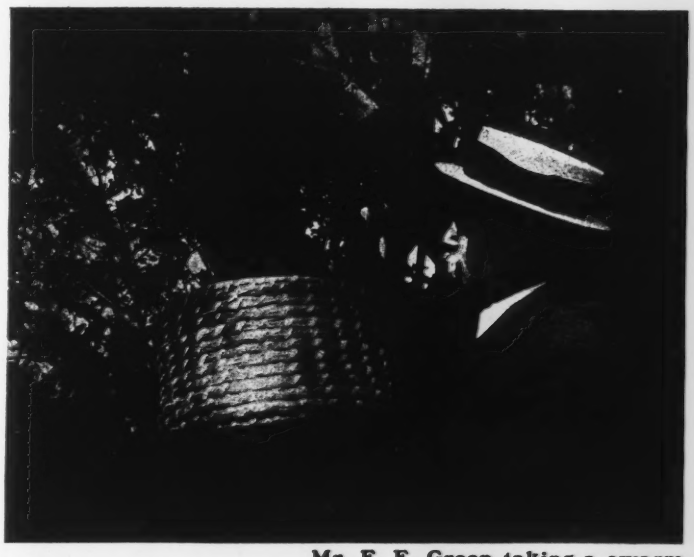
THACKERAY'S WORKS: Centenary Biographical Edition. Vols. XIV. and XV. **Christmas Books** and **Ballads and The Rose and the Ring.** 6s. net each. (Smith, Elder.)

An excellent portrait of Thackeray taken in America forms the frontispiece of one of these volumes, and a portrait that is not so good but has never before been published is frontispiece to the other; both volumes contain some "new" drawings by Thackeray himself, and two or three newly discovered poems are included among the "Ballads." "When my father wrote a poem," says Lady Ritchie, in her delightful biographical preface to the second of these latest volumes, "he used to be more agitated than when he wrote in prose. He would come into the room worried and excited, saying, 'Here are two more days wasted. I have done nothing at all. It has taken me four mornings' work to produce six lines.' Then after further struggle all would go well. There is some such account given in the life of Lady Blessington concerning the little poem called 'Piscator

and Piscatrix.' He nearly gave it up in despair, but finally the pretty verses came to him. I have still some of his poems torn down the centre. They are as often as not in pencil." The "Christmas Books" include the whimsical "Mrs. Perkins's Ball"; "Our Street"; "Dr. Birch and His Young Friends"; "Rebecca and Rowena"; and "The Kickleburys on the Rhine," with Doyle's and Thackeray's illustrations. We are grateful to Lady Ritchie for the intimately personal prefaces that give such unique interest and value to this admirable edition of her father's works.

A FEW ACRES AND A COTTAGE. By F. E. Green. 3s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

Mr. F. E. Green's "diary" covers a typical year at his homestead, and it is, we are assured, a record of actual experiences. "Born with the earth hunger and tortured by city life," it had long been an ambition of the author to gain a living from the soil. Accordingly he made weekly excursions into the country in search of a likely spot. It was a long time before he found one, and, even then, his first experiment—in Essex—was a failure. He returned to London for a further seven years, and then at last he hit upon a rentable holding of sixteen acres—it is now twenty—within sight of Leith Hill. Here he built a cottage, completely burned his boats, and settled down to make a living which should support himself, his wife, and child. That he has succeeded is at once a testimonial to his courage and a recommendation to his book. Mr. Green does not make the mistake of exaggerating the pleasantness of the farmer's life, but he does very conclusively show the charm which it has for him, and in a delightful series of essays he would almost persuade the reader to follow his example. Twenty or so pleasant illustrations add to the attractions of the volume.



Mr. F. E. Green taking a swarm of bees on his own holding.

THE TREASURY OF ANCIENT EGYPT. By Arthur E. P B. Weigall. 7s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

So many people still consider that the study of ancient Egypt is a dull and musty subject that Mr. Weigall's book may come as a surprise to them. He is certainly one of the most readable Egyptologists, and his charming style is equalled by his knowledge. The author himself strongly resents the implication that archæology should appeal only to the weak-kneed pedant and the lady with hair scragged back. "More than any other science, archæology might be expected to supply its exponents with stuff that, like old wine, would fire the blood and stimulate the senses. . . . To the archæologist, perhaps, it has been given to listen to the voice of the ancient poet, heard as a far-off whisper; to breathe in forgotten gardens the perfume of long-dead flowers; to contemplate the love of women whose beauty is all perished in the dust; to hearken to the sound of the harp and the sistra, to be the possessor of the riches of historical romance." In these "miscellaneous chapters" Mr. Weigall shows the reader that he, at any rate, knows the ancient poets' song, the romance of lives lived long ago. His brilliant, and, we are assured, faithful study of the temperament of the ancient Egyptians, which forms Chapter IV. of this book, will undoubtedly come as a surprise to many of its readers. His other chapters reach a level of interest equally high as that of the two we have taken at random, and we can only hope that "The Treasury of Ancient Egypt" will open the door of romance to some fresh readers.

THE MINERAL INDUSTRY OF RHODESIA. By J. P. Johnson. 8s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

This work introduces one to perhaps the most fascinating of all occupations—prospecting and mining for the rarer minerals. Apart from this, most of us are always willing to spare some time in increasing our knowledge of the progress of the remoter parts of our Empire—and after reading this work we should have a very exact knowledge of the mining industry of Rhodesia. It will be of great interest to those directly interested in mineralogy, and there can be few who could not gain some most useful knowledge by a careful study of this work, written as it is by one who possesses wide practical experience in the subject. It deals particularly with the geological conditions under which each mineral is found—as revealed by present workings—but it also touches the type of plant and amount of capital necessary to start a small undertaking. The full details of the mines now in operation, their working expenses and profits, should be of great value in estimating the possible results of an expedition. One can imagine this book fulfilling a wider service than perhaps the author purposed—for at the present time there must be many leaving this country for South Africa who have no fixed plan of campaign to follow when they find themselves at their destination—certainly there are few who have not only decided, but have studied at home the line in which their future energies shall be directed. It should increase the number of this latter class, for it awakens one's interest in prospecting, and makes clear the knowledge that is required before success in the field can be assured.

CARGOES AND CRUISERS: Britain's Rights at Sea. By "Civis." With an Introduction by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, G.C.B. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The actuating principle in "Civis's" timely book was to put before the general reader a clear, straightforward answer to Mr. Gibson Bowles's recently published "Sea Law and Sea Power." In this he has been successful, and there we can leave the matter. But he has gone further. As Admiral Bridge so ably points out in his capital, sailor-like Introduction, the author has presented us with a sufficiently close analysis of what may be termed the naval side of the Declaration of London. From jurists and journalists we have heard much of the legal and general aspects of the Declaration, but very little of that equally important one—how it affects our Navy in war time. Thanks, however, to "Civis," here we have the case so well put for the Declaration, therefore so telling a reply to Mr. Gibson Bowles, that, with what has previously been said in other ways, we now have the subject complete. One thing "Civis" does that certainly

strengthens his case and clears the matter for the reader: he gives us the Declaration in full; which is a much fairer procedure than making extracts and commenting on them as if they were the whole thing. In fact, every good citizen who desires to understand the matter thoroughly—and every good citizen should do so—must read and digest this book.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS WARD, LOCK & CO.

Miss L. G. Moberly tells a very good story in **Phyllis** (6s.), and tells it quietly and well. Her heroine is the daughter of a lady who has been so strongly suspected of the murder of her husband (of which, indeed, she was guilty) that she received a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude. Phyllis believes in her mother's innocence, and the author shows a good deal of skill in her treatment of the heroine's realisation of her mother's guilt. There are some dramatic moments in the story, which is none the less effective by reason of the restraint with which it is written.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

Mr. William Caine has made a considerable reputation as a satirist, and in **The Devil in Solution** (6s.) he finds ample scope for his humour in the modern craze for athletics. How Lord Mark Mucklethew, Britain's Greatest Athlete, Decuple Blue, and youngest President of the Board of Agriculture the world has ever seen, carried on his feud with Bilson Venner, his athletic and political rival, and how nearly he was ruined by Ath-Cocoa, we will leave Mr. Caine's readers to find out for themselves. They will be more than amused.

The Ninth Duchess (6s.), by Gurner Gillman, is a curious mixture of Zenda story and problem novel. It is cleverly written, and the author has a considerable gift of characterisation.

MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE & CO.

In the Universal Edition of **The Works of William Shakespeare** Messrs. Frederick Warne give the public remarkably good value for their money. For the small sum of 2s. the entire works are presented in a single volume, very clearly and accurately printed, well bound, with a portrait, a brief life, and an adequate glossary. The publishers may be warmly congratulated upon the result of their enterprise.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

Mr. Claude Grahame-White, unquestionably the best-known British airman, adds to his laurels by the production, in conjunction with Mr. Harry Harper, of **The Aeroplane: Past, Present, and Future** (15s. net), a most handsome and elaborately illustrated volume which is sure to meet with very general approval. The collaborators have been assisted by a number of experts, among whom may be mentioned Colonel J. E. Capper, Messrs. Louis Bleriot, Louis Paulhan, Henry Farman, and the late Mr. Cecil Grace, who each contribute sections on various aspects of flying. The book also contains a most useful list of over 700 of the world's airmen.

MESSRS. JOHN LONG.

Three "first" novels are among the latest books sent to us by Messrs. John Long. All are well up to the average, and in Mr. J. Evans Williams, the author of **Aberafon** (6s.), more especially, the publishers seem to us to have made a discovery which may be of considerable importance to the literary world. Mr. Williams makes a very close and detailed study of life in a small Welsh village, he tells a good story, and his characterisation is particularly effective.

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MR. ANDREW MELROSE.

M. Nicolas Soyer—a grandson of "the great Soyer," and late chef at Brooks's Club—in his little book, **Paper Bag Cookery** (1s.), explains the system of cooking that is being so widely discussed at the present moment. In his introduction he tells of his many early attempts to cook successfully in paper, and how at length he invented the "Soyer Bag." The advantages of this new method are considerable, and M. Soyer thinks that it is clearly "calculated to effect a decided improvement in the health of the nation," and should, therefore, be seriously considered by the community. Besides general directions for cooking, and some useful recipes, the book contains articles (reprinted from the *Daily Chronicle*) by Mr. G. R. Sims, Dr. Charles Reinhardt, and Mrs. Alfred Praga, the well-known cookery expert and writer.

MESSRS. T. C. & E. C. JACK.

A book that "contains everything a woman ought to know," in 719 pages, sounds decidedly attractive, and would no doubt make an epoch in history if it could ever be written. In the meantime the stupendous task of compiling this huge work of reference has been attacked in the right spirit, and Florence B. Jack and Rita Strauss, the editors of **The Woman's Book** (3s. 6d. net), are to be warmly complimented on the result. "It is a matter for congratulation," they say in their preface, "that so many new spheres of usefulness have been opened for women within recent years; but we look forward to the time when capacity for work will be the only test of competence to undertake it. To have the work well done—that is the end to be aimed at, whether it be done by men or by women. . . . While, however, we cannot appreciate too highly the value of the work done by the domestic woman, it is absurd to regard that as woman's only sphere. Many have not the opportunity of such a life: many have not the aptitude for it. We have therefore endeavoured to take the widest possible view of woman's sphere. Everything she can do well, *that* she is entitled to have the opportunity of doing." A glance at the contents will show the wide range of subjects covered—each one dealt with by an expert—and every woman who buys the book is sure to find it a very useful addition to her library.

MR. W. J. HAM-SMITH.

General Wolfe and his great opponent, Montcalm, figure prominently in the excellent historical novel from the pen of Paul Leland Haworth, **The Path of Glory** (6s.), with which Mr. Ham-Smith makes an auspicious start on his career as a publisher. The book is one which will be especially attractive to those interested in Canadian history, of which the author shows a considerable grasp.

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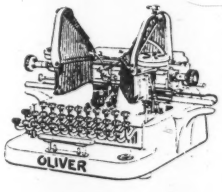

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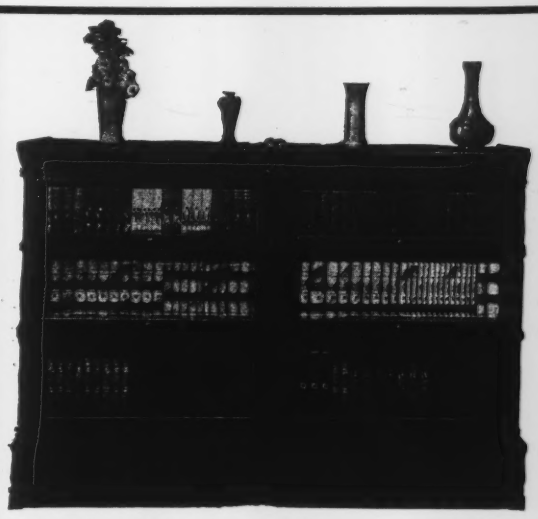

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